

A
SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

WORKS

OF

Dr. *S W I F T*.



L O N D O N :

Printed for F. COGAN, at the *Middle Temple*
Gate, Fleet-street. 1752.

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

W O R L D

OF

ARTS



(v)

TO THE
P U B L I C K.

THE following Pieces having been perused by Gentlemen, who were either intimate with Dr. SWIFT, or exquisite Judges of Style, concurred in Opinion, that what we here offer as, were certainly HIS.

The Dedication and Prefaces to *Temple's* Letters and Memoirs, and the Letter to the *Athenian* Society, appeared with his Name in his Life-time.

The History of *Martyn* was inserted in the former Editions of the *Tale of a Tub*, though omitted in the latter, by his Direction, in order to remove the Censure of those who put a Construction on it which was foreign to his Design.

The *Tripe Club*, printed for Mr. Tonson, 1706. he asserts, in the Title, to be by the Author of the *Tale of a Tub*;

Tub; the Truth of which need not be doubted, as he was a Gentleman of too much Sense, Reputation, and Fortune, to run the Risk of the Reflection of imposing on the Publick, by publishing a Falshood which could so easily have been detected.

The *Letter on the Fishery*, *Drapier's Letter*, *Curate's Complaint*, *Inventory of Goods*, the *Storm*, *Paddy's Character*, &c. &c. are surely too excellent to be ascribed to any besides their inimitable Author.

But, as it would be impertinent for us to decide, we refer it therefore to Gentlemen, who require no other Evidence than their own Judgment to determine, whether we have introduced ought here which does not apparently belong to the DEAN. If so, we hope they will approve of our rescuing from Oblivion the Productions of a Gentleman universally esteemed for as Great WIT, HUMOUR, and FINE WRITING, as ever did, or perhaps ever will, exist.

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The



ABSTRACT of what follows after
Sect. IX. in the Manuscript.

The History of Martin.



OW *Jack* and *Martin* being parted, set up each for himself. How, they travel'd over Hills and Dales, met many Disasters, suffered much for the good cause, and struggled with difficulties and wants, not having where to lay their head; by all which they afterwards proved themselves to be right Father's Sons, and *Peter* to be spurious. Finding no shelter near *Peter's* habitation, *Martin* travel'd north-wards, and finding the *Thuringians* and neighbouring people disposed to change, he set up his Stage first among them; where making it his business to cry down *Peter's* pouders, plaisters, salves, and drugs, which he had sold a long time at a dear rate, allowing *Martin* none of the profit, tho' he had been often employed in recommending and putting them off; the good people willing to save their pence began to hearken to *Martin's* speeches. How several great Lords took the hint and on the same account declared for *Martin*; particularly one, who not having
B enough

enough of one Wife, wanted to marry a second, and knowing *Peter* used not to grant such licences but at a swinging price, he struck up a bargain with *Martin*, whom he found more tractable, and who assured him he had the same power to allow such things. How most of the other Northern Lords, for their own private ends, withdrew themselves and their Dependants from *Peter's* authority and closed in with *Martin*. How *Peter*, enraged at the loss of such large Territorys, and consequently of so much revenue, thunder'd against *Martin*, and sent out the strongest and most terrible of his *Bulls* to devour him; but this having no effect, and *Martin* defending himself boldly and dexterously, *Peter* at last put forth Proclamations, declaring *Martin*, and all his Adherents, Rebels and Traytors, ordaining and requiring all his loving Subjects to take up Arms, and to kill, burn, and destroy all and every one of them, promising large rewards &c. upon which ensued bloody wars and desolation.

How *Harry Huff*, Lord of *Albion*, one of the greatest Bullys of those days, sent a Cartel to *Martin* to fight him on a stage, at Cudgels, Quarter-staf, Back-sword, &c. Hence the origine of that genteel custom of *Prize-fighting*, so well known and practised to this day among those polite Islanders, tho' unknown every where else. How *Martin* being a bold blustering fellow, accepted the Challenge; how they met and fought, to the great diversion of the Spectators; and after giving one another broken heads and many bloody wounds and bruises,

bruises, how they both drew off victorious; in which their Example has been frequently imitated by great Clerks and others since that time. How *Martin's* friends applauded his victory; and how Lord *Harry's* friends complimented him on the same score; and particularly Lord *Peter*, who sent him a fine Feather for his Cap, to be worn by him and his Successors, as a perpetual mark of his bold defence of Lord *Peter's* Cause. How *Harry* flushed with his pretended victory over *Martin*, began to huff *Peter* also, and at last down right quarrelled with him about a Wench. How some of Lord *Harry's* Tennants, ever fond of changes, began to talk kindly of *Martin*, for which he maul'd'em soundly; as he did also those that adhered to *Peter*: how he turn'd some out of house and hold; others he hanged or burnt, &c.

How *Harry Huff* after a deal of blustering, wenching, and bullying, died, and was succeeded by a good natured Boy, who giving way to the general bent of his Tennants, allowed *Martin's* notions to spread every where and take deep root in *Albion*. How after his death the Farm fell into the hands of a Lady, who was violently in love with Lord *Peter*. How she purged the whole Country with fire and sword, resolved not to leave the name or remembrance of *Martin*. How *Peter* triumphed, and set up shops, again for selling his own pouders, plaisters and salves, which were now called the only true ones, *Martin's* being all declared counterfeit. How great numbers of *Martin's* friends left the Country, and travelling up and down in foreign parts,

parts, grew acquainted with many of *Jack's* followers, and took a liking to many of their notions and ways, which they afterwards brought back into *Albion*, now under another Landlady more moderate and more cunning than the former. How she endeavoured to keep friendship both with *Peter* and *Martin*, and trimm'd for some time between the two, not without countenancing and assisting at the same time many of *Jack's* followers; but finding no possibility of reconciling all the three Brothers, because each would be master and allow no other salves, pouders, or plasters to be used but his own, she discarded all three, and set up a shop for those of her own Farm, well furnished with pouders, plasters salves, and all other drugs necessary, all right and true, composed according to receipts made by Physicians and Apothecarys of her own creating, which they extracted out of *Peter's* and *Martin's* and *Jack's* Receipt-books; and of this medly or hodgpodge made up a Dispensatory of their own; strictly forbidding any other to be used, and particularly *Peter's*, from which the greatest part of this new Dispensatory was stolen. How the Lady further to confirm this change, wisely imitating her Father, degraded *Peter* from the rank he pretended as eldest Brother; and set up her self in his place as head of the Family, and ever after wore her Father's old Cap with the fine feather he had got from *Peter* for standing his friend; which has likewise been worn, with no small ostentation to this day, by all her Successors, tho declared Enemies to *Peter*. How Lady *Bess* and her
Physicians

The History of Martin.

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Physicians being told of many defects and imperfections in their new medly Dispensatory, resolve on a further alteration, and to purge it from a great deal of *Peter's* trash that still remained in it; but were prevented by her death. How she was succeeded by a North Country Farmer, who pretended great skill in managing of Farms, tho' he cou'd never govern his own poor little Farm, nor yet this large new one after he got it. How this new Landlord, to shew his valour and dexterity, fought against Enchanters, Weeds, Giants, and Windmills, and claimed great Honour for his victorys, tho' he oftentimes beshit himself when there was no danger. How his Successor, no wiser than he, occasion'd great disorders by the new methods he took to manage his Farms. How he attempted to establish in his northern Farm the same Dispensatory used in the southern, but miscarried, because *Jack's* pouders, pills, salves, and plaisters, were there in great vogue.

How the Author finds himself embarrassed for having introduced into his History a new Sect, different from the three he had undertaken to treat of; and how his inviolable respect to the sacred number *three* obliges him to reduce these four, as he intends to doe all other things, to that number; and for that end to drop the former *Martin*, and to substitute in his place Lady *Bess's* Institution, which is to pass under the name of *Martin* in the sequel of this true History. This weighty point being clear'd, the Author goes on and describes mighty quarrels and squabbles between *Jack* and *Martin*, how sometimes the one had the better and some-

times the other, to the great desolation of both Farms, till at last both sides concur to hang up the Landlord, who pretended to die a Martyr for *Martin*, tho' he had been true to neither side, and was suspected by many to have a great affection for *Peter*.

A Digression on the nature, usefulness, and necessity of Wars and Quarrels.

THIS being a matter of great consequence, the Author intends to treat it methodically and at large in a Treatise apart, and here to give only some hints of what his large Treatise contains. The State of War natural to all Creatures. War is an attempt to take by violence from others a part of what they have and we want. Every man fully sensible of his own merit, and finding it not duly regarded by others, has a natural right to take from them all that he thinks due to himself; and every creature finding its own wants more than those of others, has the same right to take every thing its nature requires. Brutes much more modest in their pretensions this way than men; and mean men more than great ones. The higher one raises his pretensions this way, the more bustle he makes about them, and the more success he has, the greater Hero. Thus greater Souls in proportion to their superior merit claim a greater right to take every thing from meaner folks. This the true foundation of Grandeur and Heroism, and of the distinction of degrees among men. War therefore necessary

neceſſary to eſtabliſh Subordination, and to found Cities, Kingdoms, &c. as alſo to purge Bodies politick of groſs Humours. Wiſe Princes find it neceſſary to have Wars abroad to keep Peace at home. War, Famine and Peſtilence the uſual Cures for Corruptions in Bodies politick. A Compariſon of theſe three. The Author is to write Panegyrick on each of them. The greateſt part of Mankind loves War more than Peace: They are but few and mean ſpirited that live in Peace with all Men. The modeſt and meek of all kinds always a Prey to thoſe of more noble or ſtronger Appetites. The Inclination to War univerſal: Thoſe that cannot or dare not make War in Perſon, employ others to do it for them. This maintains Bullies, Bravo's, Cutthroats, Lawyers, Soldiers, &c. Moſt Professions would be uſeleſs if all were peaceable. Hence Brutes want neither Smiths nor Lawyers, Magiſtrates nor Joyners, Soldier nor Surgeons. Brutes having but narrow Appetites are incapable of carrying on or perpetuating War againſt their own Species, or of being led out in Troops and Multitudes to deſtroy one another. Theſe Prerogatives proper to Man alone. The Excellency of human Nature demonſtrated by the vaſt train of Appetites, Paſſions, Wants, &c. that attend it. This matter to be more fully treated in the Author's Panegyrick on Mankind.

The History of Martin.

How *Jack* having got rid of the old Landlord, set up another to his Mind, quarrelled with *Martin* and turned him out of Doors. How he pillaged all his Shops, and abolished the whole Dispensatory. How the new Landlord laid about him, mauled *Peter*, worried *Martyn*, and made the whole Neighbourhood tremble. How *Jack's* Friends fell out among themselves, split into a thousand Parties, turned all Things topsy-turvey, till every body grew weary of them, and at last the blustering Landlord dying, *Jack* was kicked out of Doors, a new Landlord brought in, and *Martin* Re-established. How this new Landlord let *Martin* do what he pleased, and *Martin* agreed to every thing his pious Lordlord desired, provided *Jack* might be kept low. Of several Efforts *Jack* made to raise up his Head, but all in vain, till at last the Landlord died and was succeeded by one who was a great Friend to *Peter*, who to humble *Martin* gave *Jack* some Liberty. How *Martin* grew enraged at this, called in a Foreigner and turned out the Landlord; in which *Jack* concurred with *Martin*, because this Landlord was entirely devoted to *Peter*, into whose Arms he threw himself, and left his Country. How the new Landlord secured *Martin* in the full Possession of his former Rights, but would not allow him to destroy *Jack*, who had always been his Friend. How

Jack

The History of Martin.

9

Jack got up his Head in the *North*, and put himself in Possession of a whole Canton, to the great Discontent of *Martin*, who finding also that some of *Jack's* Friend's were allowed to live and get their Bread in the South Parts of the Country, grew highly Discontent of the new Landlord he had called in to his Assistance. How this Landlord kept *Martin* in order, upon which he fell into a raging Fever, and swore he would hang himself or join in with *Peter*, unless *Jack's* Children were all turn'd out to starve: Of several Attempts made to cure *Martin* and make Peace between him and *Jack*, that they might unite against *Peter*; but all made ineffectual by the great Address of a number of *Peter's* Friends, that herded among *Martin's*, and appeared the most zealous for his Intetest. How *Martin* getting abroad in this mad Fit, look'd so like *Peter* in his Air and Dress, and talk'd so like him, that many of the Neighbours could not distinguish the one from the other; especially when *Martin* went up and down strutting in *Peter's* Armour, which he had borrowed to fight *Jack*. What Remedies were used to cure *Martin's* Distemper, &c.

NB. Some things that follow after this are not in the MS. but seem to have been written since to fill up the place of what was not thought convenient then to print.

Sect.

Sect. XI. The Tale of a TUB, continued. The Author not in haste to be at home, shews the difference between a Traveller weary or in haste, and another in good plight that takes his pleasure and views every pleasant Scene in his way 154. 155. The sequel of Jack's adventures; his superstitious veneration for the H. Scripture, and the uses he made of it 156. 7. his flaming zeal, and blind submission to the Decrees 158. his Harangue for Predestination 159. he covers rough tricks with a shew of devotion; affects singularity in manners and speech 161. His aversion to music and painting 162. His discourses provoke sleep, his groaning, and affecting to suffer for the good cause. 163. The great antipathy of Peter and Jack made them both run into extreams where they often met 104 5 6.

The degenerate Ears of this Age cannot afford a sufficient handle to hold men by 167. 8. The senses and passions afford many handles; Curiosity is that by which our Author has held his Readers so long. 169. 170. The rest of this story lost, &c. 170.

The Conclusion.

Of the proper Seasons for publishing books 172. Of profound Writers 173. Of the ghost of Wit 174. Sleep and the Muses nearly related 174. Apology for the Author's fits of dulness 175. Method and Reason the Lacqueys of Invention 175. Our Author's great collection of flowers of little use till now 176.

A Discourse concerning the Mechanical operation of the Spirit.

The Author at a loss what Title to give this piece, finds after much pains that of a Letter to a friend to be most in vogue 179. of modern excuses for haste and negligence &c. 180.

I. Sect. Mahomet's fancy of being carried to Heaven by an Ass, followed by many Christians. 181. A great affinity between this Creature and Man 182. That talent of bringing his Rider to Heaven the subject of this discourse: but for Ass and Rider the Author uses the synonymous terms of Enlightened Teacher, and Fanatick Hearer, 183. A tincture of Enthusiasm runs through all men and all Sciences, 184. but prevails most in Religion, 185. Enthusiasm defined and distinguished, 185. That which is Mechanical and Artificial is treated of by our Author, 186. Tho' Art oft-times changes into Nature: examples in the Scythian Longheads and English Roundheads, 186-7. Sense and Reason must be laid aside to let this Spirit operate, 188. The Objections about the manner of the Spirit from above descending on the Apostles, make not against this Spirit that arises within, 189. The methods by which the Assembly helps to work up this Spirit jointly with the Preacher, 190, 191.

II. Sect. How some worship a good Being, others an evil, 192. Most people confound the bounds of good and evil, 193. Vain mortals think the Divinity interested in their meanest actions, 194. The scheme of spiritual mechanism left out, 195. Of the usefulness of
of

of quilted nightcaps, to keep in the heat, to give motion and vigour to the little animals that compose the brain, 195. Sound of far greater use than sence in the operations of the Spirit, as in Musick, 196. Inward light consists of theological monysyllables and mysterious Texts, 197. Of the great force of one Vowel in Canting; and of blowing the nose, hauking, spitting and belching, 198. The Author to publish an Essay on the art of Canting, 198. Of speaking thro' the nose or snuffling: its origine from a disease occasioned by a conflict betwixt the flesh and the Spirit, 199. 200. Inspired vessels, like lanthorns have a sorry sooty outside, 202. Fanaticism deduced from the Ancients in their Orgyes, Bacchanals, &c. 203. Of their great lasciviousness on those occasions, 205. The Fanaticks of the first centurys, and those of later times generally agree in the same principle, of improving spiritual into carnal ejaculations, &c. 206.

A PROJECT,

For the universal benefit of Mankind.

The Author having laboured so long and done so much to serve and instruct the Publick, without any advantage to himself, has at last thought of a project which will tend to the great benefit of all Mankind, and produce a handsom Revenue to the Author. He intends to print by Subscription in 96. large volumes in folio, an exact Description of *Terra Australis incognita*, collected with great care and pains from 999. learned and pious Authors of undoubted veracity. The whole Work, illustrated with maps and Cuts agreeable to the subject, and
done

done by the best Masters, will cost but a Guinea each volume to Subscribers, one Guinea to be paid in advance, and afterwards a Guinea on receiving each volume, except the last. This Work will be of great use for all men, and necessary for all families, because it contains exact accounts of all the Provinces, Colonys and Mansions of that spacious Country, where by a general Doom all transgressors of the law are to be transported: and every one having this work may chuse out the fittest and best place for himself, there being enough for all so as every one shall be fully satisfied.

The Author supposes that one copy of this work will be bought at the publick Charge, or out of the Parish rates, for every Parish Church in the three Kingdoms, and in all the Dominions thereunto belonging. And that every family that can command ten pounds *per annum*, even tho' retrenched from less necessary expences, will subscribe for one. He does not think of giving out above 9 volumes yearly; and considering the number requisite, he intends to print at least 100000. for the first Edition. He's to print Proposals against next Term, with a specimen, and a curious Map of the Capital City, with its 12 Gates, from a known Author who took an exact survey of it in a dream. Considering the great care and pains of the Author, and the usefulness of the Work, he hopes every one will be ready, for their own good as well as his, to contribute chearfully to it, and not grudge him the profit he may have by it, especially if it comes to a 3. or 4. Edition, as he expects it will very soon.

He doubts not but it will be translated into foreign languages by most Nations of *Europe* as well as of *Asia* and *Africa*, being of as great use to all those Nations as to his own; for this reason he designs to procure Patents and Privileges for securing the whole benefit to himself, from all those different Princes and States, and hopes to see many millions of this great Work printed in those different Countrys and Languages before his death.

After this business is pretty well established, he has promised to put a Friend on another Project almost as good as this; by establishing Insurance-Offices every where for securing people from shipwreck and several other accidents in their Voyage to this Country; and these Offices shall furnish, at a certain rate, Pilots well versed in the Route, and that know all the Rocks, Shelves, Quickfands &c. that such Pilgrims and Travellers may be exposed to. Of these he knows a great number ready instructed in most Countrys: but the whole Scheme of this matter he's to draw up at large and communicate to his Friend.

Here ends the Manuscript, there being nothing of the following piece in it.

THE

THE
TRIPE CLUB.

A
SATYR.

DEDICATED

To All *Those* who are *True Friends* to Her Present
MAJESTY and Her GOVERNMENT,
to the *Church of England*, and the *Succession*, as
by Law Established : And who *Gratefully* Ac-
knowledge the PRESERVATION of
there *Religion, Rights, and Liberties*, due to the
Late King WILLIAM, of *Ever-Glorious*
and *Immortal Memory*.

Difficile est Satyram non Scribere.

By the AUTHOR of the TALE of a TUB.

L O N D O N.

Printed for Jacob Tonson, within *Grays-Inn-Gate*;
And Sold by the Booksellers of *London* and
Westminster.

MDCCVI

THE
TRIPE CLUB.
A
SATYR.
DEDICATED

TO ALL THOSE who are True Friends to Her Majesty
MAJESTY and Her GOVERNMENT,
to the Church of England, and the Succession, as
by Law Establish'd, who Graciously Ac-
knowledge the true Religion, due to the
late King W^m. III. and his Majesty's
and Immortal Memory.



Printed by S. Smith and Son, Strand.

By the AUTHOR of the FARE of a TOR.

L O N D O N.

Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Gray's-Inn-Gate;
And sold by the Booksellers of London and
Westminster.

MDCCLXII.

T H E
T R I P E C L U B.

A
S A T I R E.

HOW this *Fantastick World* is chang'd of late;
 Sure some *Full-Moon* has work'd upon the *State*;
 Time was, when it was question'd much in *Story*
 Which was the worst, the *Devil*, or a *Tory*?
 But now, Alas! *those* happy *Times* are o'er,
 The rampant *Things*, are couchant now no more,
 But Trump-up *Tories*, who were *Whigs* before. }

There was a time, when fair *Hibernia* lay
 Dissolv'd in Ease, and with a gentle Sway,
 Enjoy'd the Blessings of a *Halcion* Day.
 Pleas'd with the *Bliss* their Friendly *Union* made
 Beneath Her bending *Fig-tree's Peaceful* Shade,
 Careless and Free, Her Happy *SONS* were laid. }
 No Feuds, no Groundless Jealousies appear,
 To rouse their Rage, or wake them into Fear;
 With *Pity* they beheld *Britania's* State,
 Tost by the *Tempest* of a Stormy Fate;

B

Wild

Wild *Frensy* thro' her blasted Borders past,
 Whilst Noisy *Faction* drove the furious Blast ;
 Calm and Serene, We heard the Tempest roar,
 And Fearless view'd the Danger from the Shore.

Thus Blest, We slumbred in a Downy Trance,
 Happy, like *Eden*, in mild Ignorance ;
 'Till *DISCORD* like the Wiley Serpent found
 Th' Unguarded Path, to the *Forbidden Ground* ;
 Shew'd Us the 'Tree, the Tempting Tree, which
 stood

The fairest but most Fatal of the Wood ;
 And where (Depending from the Golden Bough)
 The Glittering Fruit look'd smiling to the View :
Taste, and be Wise, the sly Provoker say'd,
And see the Plat-form of Your Ruin lay'd ;
 Rouze from the Dulness ye too long have shewn,
 And view your *CHURCHES* Danger, and your
 Own :

Thus at *Superior Wit*, We catch'd in haste,
 Which MOCK'D th' Approach of Our *deluded*
Taste.

And, Now----

Imaginary Schemes We seem to spy,
 And Search for *Dangers* with a *curious* Eye ;
 From *Thought* to *Thought* We roul, and rack Our
Sense,

To obviate *Mischiefs* in the *Future Tense* ;
 Strange *Plots* in *Embrio*, from the Lords we fear,
 And Dream of *Mighty Ills*, The Lord knows
 where ;

Wretchedly Wise, we curse our present Store,
 But bless the Witless Age, We knew before.

* Near

* Near that Fam'd Place, where slender *Wights*
Resort,

And gay *Pulvilio* keeps his scented Court;
Where *exil'd Wit*, ne'er shews its hated Face,
But happier *Nonsense*, fills the Thoughtless Place:
Where *Sucking Beaux*; Our future *Hopes* are bred,
The *Sharping Gamster*, and the *Bully Red*,
O'er-stock'd with Fame, but Indigent of Bread.

* There stands a Modern Dome, of vast Renown,
For a plump Cook, and plumper Reck'nings known;
Rais'd high, the Fair inviting Bird ye see,
In all his Milky Plumes, and Feather'd Letchery;
In whose Soft Down, Immortal *Jove* was Drest;
When the fair *Nymph*, the *Wiley God* posselt;
Still in which Shape, he stands to Mortal View,
Patron of *Whoring*, and of *Toping* too.

Here gravely meet the worthy *Sons of Zeal*,
To wet there pious Clay, and decently to Rail;
Immortal Courage from the Claret Springs,
To censure Heroes, and the Acts of Kings:
Young *Doctors* of the *Gown*, here shrewdly show,
How *Grace-Divine* can Ebb, and *Spleen* can Flow;
The Pious *Red-coat*, most devoutly Swears,
Drinks to the *Church*, but Ticks on his *Arrears*;
The gentle *Beau* too, Joyns in wise Debate,
Adjusts his Cravat, and *Reforms* the State;
As when the *Sun*, on a returning Flood,
Warms into *Life*, the animated Mud;
Strange wondrous Insects on the Shoar remain
And a new Race of *Vermin* fills the Plain,

B 2

So

The Tripe Club.

So from the *Excrement* of *Zeal* we find,
 A flimy Race, but of the Modish kind,
 Crawl from the Filth, and kindle into Man,
 Make up the *Members* of the *sage Divan*.

Of these the Fam'd *Borachio* is the Chief,
 A Son of *Pudding* and eternal *Beef*;
 The *Jovial* God with all-inspiring *Grace*,
 Sits on the Scarlet Honours of his *Face*;
 His happy Face, from *Rigid Wisdom* free,
 Securely Smiles in Thoughtless Majesty,
 His own *Tithe Geese* not half so plump as He. }
 Wild Notions flow from his *Immoderate Head*,
 And *Statutes* quoted, --- *Moderately Read*;
 Whole Floods of *Words*, his *moderate Wit* reveal,
 Yet the good Man's *immoderate* in---*Zeal*.
 How can his *Fluent Tongue* and *Thought* keep Touch
 Who thinks too little, but who Talks too much;
 When *Peaceful Tarrs* with *Gallick Navies* meet,
 And loose their *Honour* to preserve their Fleet;
 This wondrous Man *alone*, shall Conquest *boast*,
 And win the Battles, which the Heroes lost;
 When just Esteem he would of *William* raise,
 He Damns the *Glories*, which he means to praise;
 The poor *Encomium*, so thinly spread,
Lampoons the Injur'd Ashes of the Dead,
 Tho' for the *Orator*, 'tis said withall,
 He meant to praise him, if he meant at all.

Egregious *Magpye*, charms the list'ning Throng,
 Whilst in-offensive *Satyr* tips his Tongue;
 Grey *Politicks* adorn the Beardless *Chit*,
 Of foreign Manners, but a Native *Wit*;

Scarce

Scarce wain'd from *Diddy*, of his *Alma Mater*,
 The cocking *Thing* steps forth the Churches *Erra*
Pater;
 High flying Thoughts, his Moderate Size supply,
 And wing the Tow'ring *Puppet* to the Sky;
 On brazen Wings, beat out from Native Stock,
 He mounts and rides upon the Weather-cock;
 From whence the dull *Hibernian* Isle he views,
 The dull *Hibernian* Isle he sees, and spews;
 He mourns the Tallent of his Wisdom lost,
 On such a Dry Inhospitable Coast;
 Thus Daws, when Percht upon a Steeple's Top,
 With *Oxford* Strut, and *Pride* superiour Hop;
 And whilst on *Earth*, they haughty Glances throw,
 Take humble *Curats* but for Daws below.

Firedrake, a *Senator* of awkward Grace,
 But fam'd for Matchless *Modesty*, and *Face*;
 With *Christian* Clamour, fills the Defned Room,
 And Prophecies of wondrous *Ills* to come;
 Heav'n in a Hurry, seems t'have form'd his Paste,
 Fill'd up his *Spleen*, but left the Head-piece waste,
 He Thinks He Argues, nay, he Prays in haste. }
 When in solid Sheets the dirty *Wight* is spread,
 And High-flown *Schemes* for Curtains grace the
Bed;

Wild Freakish *Fancy*, with her airy Train,
 Whirls thro' the Empty *Region* of his Brain;
 Shews him the *Church*, just Tott'ring on his Head,
 And all her mangled *Sons*, around her spread;
 Paints out himself, of all his *Hopes* beguil'd,
 And his Domestick *Sicorax* defil'd:

The Tripe Club.

Then kindling at the *Sight*, he flies about,
 And puts *Dissenting Squadrons* to the rout,
 Brim full of *Wrath*, he plunges into *Strife*,
 And thumps the *Passive Carcase* of his Wife ;
 He routs the flying *Foe*, he Scours the *Plain*,
 And boldly fights, the *Visionary Scene*.

The *Appollo* of the *Cause*, old *Grimbeard* stands,
 And all th' inferiour *Fry*, of *Wit* Commands ;
 Nurst up in *Faction*, and a *Foe* to *Peace*,
 He robs his *Bones* of *Necessary Ease* ;
 Drunk with *Inveterate Spleen*, he scorns his *Age*,
 And *Natures* lowest *Ebb* supplies with sprightly
Rage,

Cold dry'ling *Time* has all his *Nerves* Unstrung,
 But left untouch'd his *Letchery of Tongue* ;
 His *Letchery of Tongue*, which still remains,
 And adds a *Friendly aid* to want of *Brains* ;
 He blames the *Dulness* of his *Parties Sloth*,
 And chides the *Fears* of their unactive *Youth* ;
 Tells them the time, the *Happy time* is come,
 When *Moderation*, shall behold its *Doom* ;
 When *Sniv'ling Mercy* shall no more beguile,
 But *Christian Force*, and *Pious Rage* shall smile,
 Warns them against those *Dangers* to provide,
 Those *Dangers* which his *Spectacles* have spy'd
 Dark and *Unknown* to all the *World* beside.
Hail Venerable Man, design'd by *Fate*,
 The saving *Genius* of a *Sinking State* ;
 Lo prostrate at thy *Feet* we trembling *Fall*,
 Thou great *Twin-Idol* of the *Thundering Baal*,
 How shall thy *Votaries* thy *Wrath* assuage,
 Unbend thy *Frowns*, and *Deplicate* thy *Rage*?

Millions

Millions of *Victims*, shall thy *Altars* Soil,
Heroes shall Bleed---and *Treasurers* shall Broil ;
 Th' immortal *Worth*, shall in our Lays be sung,
 O bend thy Stubborn *Rage*, and sheath thy Dread-
 ful *Tongue*.

Nut-brain, a Daggie-Gown of large Renown ;
 For weak Support to Needy *Clyent* known ;
 With Painted Dangers keeps his mob in aw,
 And shrewdly construes *Faction* into Law ;
 When *Albion's Senate*, wav'd its Fatal Wand,
 And with their Hungry *Locusts* Curst the Land ;
 Our Fruitful *Egypt*, with the Load Opprest,
 Beheld with Grief, its Happy Fields laid waste ;
 With watry *Eyes*, and with a *Mother's Pain*,
 She heard the Nation Groan, but heard in *Vain* ;
 'Till gorg'd with *Prey*, They took the favourite
 Wind,
 And left this strag'ing *Vermine* here behind :
 Too well he lik'd our *Fruitful Egypt's Plain*,
 To trot to hungry *Westminster* again.

Say, *Blind*, *Hibernia*, for what *Charmes Unknown*,
 Y' Adopt a Man whom You should Blush to own !
 Beggard, and Spoil'd of all your *Wealthy, Store*,
 Yet hug the *Viper*, whom ye Curst before.
 Is this the *Pious Champion* of your Cause,
 Who Robs your Off-spring, to Protect your *Laws* ;
 Silly Distills his *Venome* to the Root,
 And blasts the Tree from whence he plucks the
 (Fruit ;
 Who sees your *Ruin*, which he smiles to see ;
 Whose *Gain's* is Heaven, and whose *God's* a Fee?

In the first Rank Fam'd *Sooterkin* is seen,
Of happy *Visage*, and enchanting *Mein*,
A Lazy Modish Son of melancholly *Spleen* :
Whose e'ery *Feature* flourishes in Print,
And early *Pride* first Taught the *Youth* to Squint :
What *niggard Father* wou'd begrudge his *Brass*,
When *Travell'd Son* does Home-bread Boys
surpass ?

Went out a *Fopling*, and return'd an *Ass*.
Of *Thought* so *Dark*, that no erroneous *Hit*,
E'er show'd the *Lucid Beauties* of his *Wit* ;
When *Scanty Fee* expects a *Healing Pill*,
With *Careless Yawn* he Nods upon the *Bill*,
Secure to *bit* ; --- who never fails to *kill*.
When *Costive Punk* in *Penitential Case*,
Sits squeezing out her *Soul* in vile *Grimace*,
To Ease his *Patient*, he Prescribes—*his Face* :
Well may the *Wretch* a *Providence* disown,
Who thinks no *Wisdom* brighter than his own ;
Long since he left *Religion* in the *Lurch*,
Who yet wou'd Raise the *Glories* of the *Church*,
And *Stickles* for its *Rites*, who ne'er comes
near the *Porch*.

Immortal *Crab* stands firmly to the *Truth*,
And with Sage *Nod*, commands the list'ning *Youth*,
In whom rank *Spleen* has all its Vigour shewn,
And blended all its *Curses* into one;
O'er-flowing Gall has chang'd the Crimson Flood,
And turn'd to Vinegar the Wretch's Blood.
Nightly on bended Knees, the musty *Put*,
Still Saints the *Spigot*, and Adores the *Butt* ;
With

With fervent Zeal the flowing Liquor plies,
But *Damns* the *Moderate Bottle*--- for its Size ;
His liquid *Vows* cut swiftly thro' the Air,
When glorious Red *has* whetted him to *Prayer* ;
Thrifty of *Time*, and Frugal of his *Ways*,
Tippling he Rails, and as he Rails, he Prays.

In the Sage List, *Great Moon-Calf* is enroll'd,
Fam'd as the *Delpick Oracle* of old ;
Propitious *Dulness*, and a Senseless Joy,
Shone at his *Birth*, and Blest the hopeful Boy ;
Who utters *Wonders* without Sense of Pain,
And scorns the crabbed *Labour* of the Brain ;
Fleeting, as Air, his Words out-strip the Wind,
Whilst the *Sage Turdy Meaning* lags behind ;
No Sawcy Foresight dares his *Will* countroul,
Or stop th' impious Motion of his *Soul* ;
His Soul, which *Sruggles* in her dark Abode,
Crush'd, and o'er-laid with the unweildy Load.
Prevailing Dulness did his *Sense* betray,
And Crampt his *Reason*, to extend his *Clay* ;
His *Wit* contracted to a narrow Span,
A Yard of *Idiot*, to an Inch of *Man* ;
Hail, Mighty *Dunce*, thou largest of thy *Kind*,
How well thy *Mein* is suited to thy *Mind* ;
What if the *Lords* and *Commons* can't agree,
Thou *deer*, *dull*, *happy Thing*, what is't to *Thee* ?
Sit down contented with thy present Store,
Heav'n ne'er design'd *Thee*, to be *Wise* and *Poor* ;
Trust to thy *Fate*, whatever Parties join,
Thy want of *Wit*, obstructs thy want of *Coin*.

As when Imperial *Rome* beheld her State,
 Grown *Faint*, and struggling with impending *Fate* ;
 When barbarous *Nations* on her Ruins trod,
 And no kind *Jove* appear'd her Guardian God ;
 A sacred *Goose* could all her *Fears* disperse,
 And save the *Mistress* of the *Universe* :
 Of equal *Fame* the great *Example* be,
 Our *Churches Safety* we expect from *Thee* ;
 In thee, *Great Man*, the *Saving Brood* remains,
 Of equal *Piety*, and equal *Brains* ;
 In this we differ, but in point of *Name*,
 Unlike the *Romans* We, but *Thou* our *Goose* th' same.

And now with Solemn *Grace* the *Council* Sat,
 And the third *Flasque* had rais'd a warm *Debate* ;
 When *Faction* entring, walk'd the *Giddy-Maze*,
 Sworn *Foe*, and noted *Enemy to Peace* ;
 And taking *Grimbeard's* Shape, the *Silence* broke,
 And in *Shril Voice* the eager *Fury* spoke.

“ Be witness *Heav'n*, how much I am pleas'd
 “ to find,
 “ Such gallant *Friends*, and of so brave a *Mind* ;
 “ *Souls* fit to rule the *World*, and proudly fit,
 “ The noblest *SONS* of *Piety* and *Wit*.
 “ Uncommon *Vigour* in your *Looks* I spy,
 “ *Resolv'd* the utmost of your *Force* to try ;
 “ Bravely *stickle* for your *Churches Laws*,
 “ And shed a gen'rous *Influence* on her *Cause*.
 “ See how with *Grief* she hangs her *pensive Head*,
 “ Whilst trickling *Tears* upon her *Garments Shed*,
 “ Mourn all her *Lustre*, and her *Beauty* fled.
 “ In

" Too far ! I fear, the *Vile Infection's* spread,

" Since $ANN\bar{A}$ courts the $\bar{P}ARTY$ which

(he Led,

" And Treads the Hated Foot-steps of the

(Dead .

" If so, What *now* can we expect to *bear*,

“ But the *black* Event, of those *Ills* we fear ;

"Your fat Endowments shall be tor'n away,

“ And to *Geneva Zeal*, become an easy Prey ;

" Cold *Element* shall give your Guts the Gripes,

“ And, ah ! no more ye shall *Indulge* in Tripes :

"No *Sunday-pudding* shall Adorn the Board,

“ Or burn the *Chops* of its too *eager* Lord ;

" No gentle *Abigail* shall *Cawdels* make,

“ Nor Cook the *Jellys* for the *Chaplain's* Back ;

"Long-winded *Scismatics* shall rule the Roast,

" And Father *Christmas* mourn his *Revels* lost.

“ Rouse then *my Friends*, and All your *Forces*.

(join,

And act with *Vigour* in our Great Design ;

“What tho’ our *Danger* is not *really great*,

" 'Tis *brave* t'oppose a *Government* we hate ;

" *Poison the Nation* with your *jealous* Fears,

And *set* the Fools *together* by the Ears ;

Wilst with *malicious* Joy we calmly sit,

“ And *smile* to see the *Triumphs* of our *Wit*;

“ Sound well the *College*, and with nicest *Skill*,

“ *Inflame the Beardless Boys, and bend them to*

(your *Will*,

“ What tho’ *Unmov’d* her *learned Sons* have stood,

“ Nor Sacrific’d to Spleen their Country’s Good ;

“ Yet

- “ Yet *search the Tree*, and sure there may be
 (found,
 “ Some *Branches* tainted, tho’ the *Trunk* is
 (sound,
 “ Shew them the *Lure*, which *never* fails to *bit*,
 “ *Approve* their *Briskness*, and *Admire* their *Wit* ;
 “ *Youth* against *Flattery* has no Defence,
 “ *Fools* still are cheated with the *Bait* of *Sense* ;
 “ *Glean* e’en the *Schools* from *Letchery* and *Birch*,
 “ And *teach* the *Youngsters* to defend the *Church* ;
 “ ‘Tis *Fools* we want, and of the *Largest* Size,
 “ Twou’d spoil our *Cause* to practise on the
 (*Wise* ;
 “ The *Wise* are *Eagles* of the sharpest *Kenn*,
 “ And calmly *weigh* the *Merits*, and the *Men* ;
 “ *Pierce* thro’ the *Cobweb-vail* of *Erring Sense*,
 “ And know the *Truth* of *Zeal*, from the *Pretence* ;
 “ Whilst *Fools*, like *Game-cocks*, are the *Slaves* of
 (*Shew*,
 “ And never ask a *Cause*, but fly upon the *Foe* ;
 “ *Chance* only guides ‘em wand’ring in the *Night*, }
 “ when in an *Age* they stumble on the *Right* ; }
 “ God never gave a *Fool* the *Gift* of *Sight*. }

He say d---With *Joy* the pleas’d *Assembly* rose.
 Well mov’d, they cry’d, and murmur’d their Ap-
 plause ;

When, lo, before the *Board*, Confest in *Sight*,
 Stept forth a *Heavenly Guest* Serenely *Bright* ;
 No mortal *Beauty* could with *Hers* compare,
 Or *Poets* *Fancy* form a *Maid* so fair ;

Around

" With *wonder* Read those *Fatal* times again,
 " And call to *Mind* the *Melancholly Scene*;
 " When *down* its *Rapid Stream* the *Torrent* bore
 " Your *Country's Laws*, and *Safety* was no more,
 " *Torn* from your *Altars*, ye were *Forc'd* to roam,
 " In *needy Exile* from your *Native Home*;
 " 'Twas then, my *Sons*, your *Mighty William Rose*,
 " And bravely *fell* like *Light'ning* on your *Foes*:
 " With *Royal Pity*, He *Deplor'd* your *Fate*,
 " And stood the *Atlas* of your *sinking State*.
 " When *Sacrifice* on *Idol Altars Slain*,
 " *Polluted* all the *Isle*, and *Dy'd* the *Plain*;
 " *Romes Mob* of *Saints*, did all your *Temples* fill,
 " And *consecrated Groves*, crown'd ev' *y Hill*:
 " 'Twas then, *Josiah-like*, that He *Defac'd*
 " Their *Pagan Rites*, and lay'd their *Altars* waste
 " Drove out their *Idols* from their lov'd *Abodes*,
 " And pounded into *Dust* their *Molten Gods*.
 " *Israels true Lord* was to *his Rule Restor'd*;
 " Again his *Name* was *heard*, and was again *Ador'd*.

" Wondring Ye saw your *Great Deliverer Come*,
 " But *while* he *War'd* abroad, ye *Rail'd* at home;
 " Dreadfully *Gay* in *Arms*, but *scorn'd* in *Peace*,
 " The *Useless Buckler* of *Inglorious Ease*;
 " Oh *Poor*, and *short Liv'd Glory* and *Renown*,
 " O *false Unenvy'd Pleasures* of a *Crown*:
 " So soon are all thy *shining Honours* fled,
 " *Traduc'd* while *Living*, and *Defam'd* when *Dead*;
 " Strange *Fate* of *Heroes*, who like *Comets* blaze,
 " And with a *sudden Light*, the *World* amaze;

" But

“ But when with fading Beams they quit the *Skies*,

“ No more to *shine* the wonder of our *Eyes* ,

“ Their *Glories* spent, and all their *fiery* Store,

" We scorn the *Omens* which we *fear'd* before.

" My Royal ANNE, whom e'ery *Vertue*
crowns,

"Feels your ill-govern'd *Rage*, nor 'scapes your
Frowns :

"Your want of *Duty*, ye supply with Spight,

“ Traduce her *Councils*, and her *Heroes* flight ;

"*Lampoon* the Mildness of her easie Sway,

“ And *sicken* at the light of her Superiour *Day* ;

"*Poyson* her Sweets of *Life* with groundless *Fears*,

“And fill her *Royal Breast* with *Anxious Cares*.

“ What! *Such a Queen*, where *Art* and *Nature*
Joyn,

"To hit the Copy of a Form-Divine,

“ Unerring *Wisdom* purg’d the *Dross* away,

“ And form'd your *ANNA* of a Nobler *Clay*:

“ Breathing a *Soul*, in which in *Glory* thone,

“ *Goodness* Innate, and *Vertue* like its own;

"She knows how far *Engaging* Sweetness charms,

“ And Conquers more by *Mildness*, than by *Arms*;

“ Like *Sampson's* Riddle, in the sacred Song,

"A springing Sweet, still flowing from the Strong,"

"Like hasty *Sparks*, her slow *Resentment dies*,

“ *Her Rigour* lagging, but *Her Mercy* flies ;

"Hail *Pious Princess!* Mightiest of thy Name,

"Tho' *Last Begotten*, yet the *First* in *Fame*;

"Those Glorious *Heroes* we in *Story* see,

“ Were but the Fainter *Types* of Greater *Thee* ;

“Let

" Let others take a Lustre from a Throne,
 " You Shine with Brighter Glories of your Own,
 " Add *Worth* to *Worth*, and Dignifie a Crown.
 " Of't have I Mark'd with what a Studious Care,
 " My Words You Ponder, and my Laws Revere;
 " To Thee, Great Queen, what *Elogies* are Due,
 " Who both Protect the *Flock*, * and Feed the
 " *Shepherds too?*

" For *which*, I still Præside o'er thy *Alarms*,
 " And add a *shining* Lustre to thy *Arms*;
 " I form'd the *Battle*, and I gave the *Word*,
 " And rid with *Conquest* on thy *Ormana's* Sword.

" When *Anjou's* Fleet yeilded its *Indian* Store,
 " And at thy *Sacred* feet depos'd the *Silver* Oar;
 " I sent the *Goddeſs*, when *Victoria* came,

" And rais'd Thy *CHURCHILL* to *Immor*;
 " *tal* Fame-

" And *Hochſtet's* bloody *Field*, Advanc'd the
 " *Hero's* Name.

" Nor shall thy *Glories*, or thy *Triumphs* cease,
 " But thy *Rough Wars* shall Soften into *Peace*;
 " *Charles* shall from *Thee* his *Diadem* receive,

" And shining *Pomp*, which you *alone* can give;
 " The *Gallick Lion* list'ning at his *Shore*,

" Shall *fear* to tempt the *British* Dangers more,
 " But sculk in *Desarts*, where he us'd to *Roar*

" Admiring *Worlds* before thy *Throne* shall stand:

" And willing *Nations* bend to thy *Command*.

" For ye, ye *Inveterate* *Enemies* to *Peace*,

" Whom *Kings* can neer *Oblige* nor *Heav'n* can
 " *Please*;

" Who

C

* Grants to the Clergy.

Preface to Temple's Memoirs. 35

give Offence to several who were still alive; and whose Part in those Affairs which are here related, could not be transmitted to Posterity with any Advantage to their Reputation. But, whether this Objection be in it self of much Weight, may perhaps be disputed; at least it should have little with me, who am under no restraint in that Particular; Since I am not of an Age to remember those Transactions, nor had any Acquaintance with those Persons whose Counsels or Proceedings are condemn'd, and who are all of them now dead.

But, as this Author is very free in exposing the Weakness and Corruptions of ill Ministers, so he is as ready to commend the Abilities and Virtue of others, as may be observ'd from several Passages of these Memoirs; particularly, of the late Earl of *Sunderland*, with whom the Author continu'd in the most intimate Friendship to his Death; and who was Father of that most learned and excellent Lord, now Secretary of State: As likewise, of the present Earl of *Rocheſter*; and the Earl of *Godolphin*, now Lord Treasurer, represented by this impartial Author as a Person at that time deservedly entrusted with so great a Part in the Prime Ministry; an Office he now executes again with such universal Applause, so much to the Queen's Honour and his own, and to the Advantage of his Country, as well as of the whole Confederacy.

There are two Objections I have sometimes heard to have been offer'd against those Memoirs that were Printed in the Author's Life time, and

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which these now Publish'd may perhaps be equally liable to. First, as to the Matter; that the Author speaks too much of himself: Next, as to the Style; that he affects the Use of *French Words*, as well as some Turns of Expression peculiar to that Language.

I believe; those who make the former Criticism, do not well consider the Nature of Memoirs: 'Tis to the *French* (if I mistake not) we chiefly owe that manner of Writing; and Sir *William Temple* is not only the first, but I think the only *Englishman* (at least of any Consequence) who ever attempted it. The best *French* Memoirs are writ by such Persons as were the Principal Actors in those Transactions they pretend to relate, whether of Wars or Negotiations. Those of Sir *William Temple* are of the same Nature; and therefore, in my Judgment, the Publisher (who sent them into the World without the Author's Privity) gave them a wrong Title, when he call'd them *Memoirs of what pass'd in Christendom*, &c. Whereas it should rather have been, *Memoirs of the Treaty at Nimeguen*, which was plainly the Sense of the Author, who in the Epistle tells his Son, that in Compliance with his Desire, he will leave him some *Memoirs of what pass'd in his Publick Employments Abroad*; And in the Book it self, when he Deduces an Account of the State of War in *Christendom*, he says it is only to prepare the Reader for a Relation of that famous Treaty; where he and Sir *Lionel Jenkins*, were the only Mediators that continu'd any considerable Time; and as the Author

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thor was first in Commission, so in Point of Abilities or Credit, either Abroad or at Home, there was no sort of Comparison between the Two Persons. Those Memoirs therefore are properly a Relation of a General Treaty of Peace, wherein the Author had the Principal, as well as the most Honourable part, in Quality of Mediator; so that the frequent Mention of himself, seems not only excusable but necessary. The same may be offer'd in Defence of the following Papers; because, during the greatest part of the Period they treat of, the Author was in chief Confidence with the King his Master. To which may be added, That in the few Preliminary Lines at the Head of the first Page, the Author professes he writ those Papers *for the Satisfaction of his Friends hereafter, upon the Grounds of his Retirement, and his Resolution never to meddle again with publick Affairs.*

As to the Objection against the Style of the former Memoirs, that it abounds in *French* Words and Turns of Expression; it is to be consider'd, that at the Treaty of *Nimeguen*, all Business, either by Writing or Discourse, pass'd in the *French* Tongue; and the Author having liv'd so many Years abroad in that and former Ambassys, where all Business, as well as Conversation, ran in that Language, it was hardly possible for him to write upon publick Affairs without some Tincture of it in his Style; tho' in his other Writings, there be little or nothing of it to be observ'd: And as he has often assur'd me it was a Thing he never affected; so upon the Objections made to

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his former Memoirs, he blotted out some *French* Words in these, and placed *English* in their stead, tho' perhaps not so significant.

There is one thing proper to inform the Reader, why these Memoirs are called the *Third Part*, there having never been published but one Part before, where, in the Beginning, the Author mentions a former Part, and in the Conclusion promises a Third. The Subject of the First Part was chiefly the Triple Alliance, during the Negotiation of which my Lord *Arlington* was Secretary of State and chief Minister: Sir *William Temple* often assured me, he had burnt those Memoirs; and for that Reason was content his Letters, during his Ambassies at the *Hague* and *Aix la Chapelle*, should be printed after his Death, in some manner to supply that Loss.

What it was that moved Sir *William Temple* to burn those first Memoirs, may perhaps be conjectured from some Passages in the Second Part formerly Printed: In one place the Author has these Words, *My Lord Arlington, who made so great a Figure in the Former Part of these Memoirs, was now grown out of all Credit, &c.* In other Parts he tells us, That Lord was of the Ministry which broke the Triple League; advised the *Dutch* War and *French* Alliance; and in short, was the bottom of all those Ruinous Measures which the Court of *England* was then taking; so that, as I have been told from a good Hand, and as it seems very probable, he could not think that Lord a Person fit to be celebrated for his Part in forwarding

Dedication to Temple's Letters. 39

forwarding that famous League while he was Secretary of State, who had made such Counter-paces to destroy it. At the End I have subjoyned an Appendix, containing besides one or two other Particulars, a Speech of Sir *William Temple's* in the House of Commons, and an Answer of the King's to an Address of that House relating to the Bill of Exclusion, both which are mentioned in these Memoirs.

I have only further to inform the Reader, that although these *Papers* were corrected by the Author, yet he had once intended to insert some Additions in several Places, as appeared by certain Hints or Memorandums in the Margin; but whether they were omitted out of Forgetfulness, Neglect, or Want of Health, I cannot determine: One Passage relating to Sir *William Jones* he was pleased to tell me, and I have added it in the Appendix. The rest I know nothing of; but the Thread of the Story is intire without 'em.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Dedication to Temple's Letters; Vol. I.

TO His most sacred Majesty, *William* the III.
King of *England, Scotland, France, and*
Ireland, &c. Those Letters of Sir *William*
Temple's

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Temple's, having been left to my Care, they are most humbly presented to your Majesty.

By your Majesty's most Dutiful,

And obedient Subject,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

P R E F A C E to Temple's Letters.

TH E Collection of Letters is owing to the Diligence of Mr. *Thomas Dowarton*, who was now Sir *William Temple's* Secretary. During the Whole Time wherein they bear Date; and it has succeeded very fortunately for the Publick that there is contained in them an Account of all the chief Transactions and Negotiations which passed in *Christendom* during the seven Years wherein they are dated, as the War from *Holland*; which began in 1665; the Treaty between His Majesty and the Bishop of *Munster*, with the Issue of it; the *French* Incursion in *Flanders* in the Year 1667. The Peace concluded between *Spain* and *Portugal* by the King's Mediation; the Treaty at *Breda*; the *Tripple Alliance*; the Peace at *Aix-la-Chappelle* in the first Part; and in the second Part, the Negotiations in *Holland* in Consequence of those Alliances, with the Steps and Degrees by which they came to decay; the Journey and Death of *Madam*; the Seizure of *Lorrian* and his Excellency's Recalling, with the first Unkindness between

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tween *England* and *Holland*, upon the Yatch^s transporting his Lady and Family; and the beginning of the Second *Dutch* War in 1672. With these are Intermixt several Letters, Familiar and Pleasant.

I found the Book among Sir *William Temple's* Papers, with many other, wherewith I had the Opportunity of being long conversant, having passed several Years in his Family.

I pretend no other Part than the care that Mr. *Dowarton's* Book should be correctly Translated, and the Letters placed in the Order they were writ. I have also made some literal Amendments, especially in the *Latin*, *French*, and *Spanish*; these I take Care should be Translated and Printed in another Column, for the Use of such Readers as may be unacquainted with the Originals, whatever Fault there may be in the Translation, I doubt I must answer for the greater Part, and must leave the rest to those Friends who was pleased to assist me, I speak only of the *French* and *Latin*; for the few *Spanish* Translations I believe need no Apology.

It is generally believ'd that this Author has advanc'd our *English* Tongue, in as great a Perfection as it can well bear, and yet how great a Master he was of it, as I think: never appeared in so much as it does in those Letters, wherein the Style appears so very different, according to the Difference of the Persons to whom they were address'd, either Men of Business, or Idle, of Pleasure, or Serious, of great or of less Parts or Ability, in
their

42 *Preface to Temple's Letters,*

their several Stations, so that one may discover the Characters of most of those Persons he writes to, from the Stile of his Letters.

At the end of each Volume, is added, a Collection copy'd by the same Hand, of several Letters to this Ambassador, from the chief Persons employ'd either at Home or Abroad in these Transactions, and during Six Years Course of his Negotiations, among which are many from the Pensionary *John De Wit*, and all the Writings of this Kind that I know of, which remain of that Minister so renown'd in his Time.

It has been justly complain'd of, as a Defect among us, that the *English* Tongue has produced no Letters of any Value ; to supply which it has been the View of late Years, to translate several out of other Languages, tho' I think with little Success; yet among many Advantages, which might recommend this sort of Writing, it is certain that nothing is so capable of giving a true Account of Stories, as Letters are, which describe Actions while they are Breathing, whereas all other Relations are of Actions past and dead, so as it hath been observ'd that the Epistle of *Cicero* to *Atticus*, gave a better Account of those Times than is to be found in any other Writers.

In these Letters the Reader will every where discover the Force and Spirit of this Author, but that which will most Value them to the Publick, both at Home and Abroad, is first that the Matters contained in them were the Ground and Foundation, whereon all the Wars and Invasions,

Preface to Temple's Letters, 43

as well as all the Negotiations and Treaties of Peace in *Christendom* have since been raised. And next, that they are written by a Person who had so great a Share in all those Transactions and Negotiations.

By residing in his Family, I know the Author has had frequent Instances from several great Persons, both at Home and Abroad, to publish some Memoirs of those Affairs and Transactions, which are the Subject of the following Papers; and particularly of the Treaties of the *Triple Alliance*, and those of *Aix la Chapelle*, but his usual Answer was, that whatever Memoirs he had written of those Times and Negotiations were burnt; however, that perhaps after his Death some Papers might come out, wherein there would be some Account of them. By which, as he has often told me, he meant these Letters.

I had began to fit them for the Press during the Author's Life, but never could prevail for leave to publish them. Tho' he was pleased to be at the Pains of reviewing, and to give me his Directions for digesting them into order. It has since pleased God to take this great and good Person to himself; and he having done me the Honour to leave and recommend to me the Care of his Writings, I thought I could not at present do a greater Service to my Country, or to the Author's Memory, than by making these Papers public.

By way of Introduction I need only take Notice, that after the Peace of the *Pyrenees*, and His Majesty's happy Restoration in 1660, there
was

To the Athenian Society.

was a general Peace in *Christendom*, (except only the Remainder of a War between *Spain* and *Portugal*,) until the Year 1665, when that between *England* and *Holland* began, which produced a Treaty between His Majesty and the Bishop of *Munster*. And this commences the following Letters.

To the Athenian Society.

Mort-Park Feb,
14th, 1691.

GENTLEMEN,

SINCE every Body pretends to trouble you with their Follies, I thought I might claim the Privilege of an *Englishman*, and put in my Share among the rest. Being last Year in *Ireland*, (from whence I returned about half a Year ago,) I heard only a loose talk of your Society, and believ'd the design to be only some new Folly just suitable to the Age, which God knows I little expected ever to produce any Thing extraordinary. Since my being in *England*, having still continued in the Country, and much out of Company, I had but little advantage of knowing any more, till about two Months ago, passing through *Oxford*, a very learned Gentleman first shew'd me two or three of your Volumes, and gave me his Account and Opinion of you. A while after I came to this Place, upon a Visit to ——— where I have

I have been ever since, and have seen all the four Volumes with their Supplements, which answering my Expectation, the Perusal has produced what you find inclos'd

As I have been somewhat inclin'd to this Folly, so I have seldom wanted somebody to flatter me in it. And for the Ode inclos'd, I have sent it to a Person of very great Learning and Honour, and since to some others, the best of my Acquaintance, (to which I thought very proper to insure it for a greater Light) and they have all been pleased to tell me, that they are sure it will not be unwelcome; and that I should beg the Honour of you to let it be Printed before your next Volume, (which I think is soon to be published) it being so usual before most Books of any great Value among Poets, and before its seeing the World: I submit it wholly to the Correction of your Pens.

I intreat therefore one of you would descend so far, as to write two or three Lines to me of your Pleasure upon it, which as I cannot but expect it from Gentlemen who have so well shewn upon so many Occasions, that greatest Character of Scholars, in being favourable to the Ignorant, so I am sure nothing at present can more highly oblige me, or make me happier.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your ever most humble,

and most admiring Servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

A

A Trip to *Dunkirk*: Or, a Hue-and-Cry after the pretended Prince of *Wales*. Being a Panegyrick on the DESCENT. Printed and Sold by the Booksellers of LONDON and WESTMINSTER. MDCCVIII.

WHY, hark ye me, Sirs,--if this Rumour holds true,
 W'are like here, Egad, to have somewhat to do :
 The *French*, as they say (he'll believe it that sees it)
 Are coming, Godfookers to pay us a Visit ,
 With such a vast Fleet--(L---d have Mercy upon's,
 And keep us from Popery, Swords, and great Guns)
 That, as I'm alive,--tho' I ne'er was afraid yet,
 It almost had frighten'd me--first when I heard it.
 Nay, more than all this, it is certainly said
 There's a little *Welch Monarch* to come at, their
 Head ;
 And he (Shame the Devil, and let us speak the
 Truth)
 You know, in your Hearts, is a very smart Youth.
 And doubtless will prove, when hes pleas'd to
 bestir him,
 As valiant as e'er was his Father before him.
 Who, bent on some great Expedition in View,
 Now glitters in Arms with an Equipage too ;
 Which, positively, you may swear is all new. }
 For, as I have heard (if some People speak right)
 He ne'er march'd before,---unless tware to sh--te ;
 But now at the Head of ten-thousand brave Fellows,
 (That is, as Accounts thence are pleas'd for to tell
 us)
 He's

A Trip to Dunkirk.

47

He's going on some strange Adventure or other,
(Perhaps 'tis to seek out his Father or Mother) }
In *Ireland*, or *Scotland*, or some Land or another ; }
I can't tell you where, but to some Place no doubt,
Which you'll hear Time enough, if he e'er does
set out,

With an Army of *French*, Popish Bridles and
Knives;

To cut all our Throats, and to ride all our Wives.

Then stand to your Arms, all good People, I'd
wish ye,

You loyal Train'd-bands, and the valiant Militia,
Brush up your Buff Doublets, and *Scotch* Basket-
hilt,

(By which, to your honour, no Blood was e'er spilt

The Nation will now your Assistance want sore,

Which, as I remember, they ne'er had before, }

Nor will—— }

I hope in kind Heav'n, e'er want any more.

Altho', for your Zeal, it is not to be question'd,

You've always been ready, when ought has occa-
sion'd :

At ev'ry Rejoicing you've made a fine Show; }

(And that is one Part of a Soldier we know) }

Been drunk, and done all that became you to do. }

And as for your Valour, we cannot deny it,

'Tis known you can fight,---tho' you'd rather be
quiet ;

Nor has the *French* Threats, on their Menaces
scar'd us,

Because we know well we'd such a Hero to guard
us.

Then,

Then, since they're so hot on't, gad e'en let 'em
 come,
 I'll warrant they'll be maul'd, -- tho' I don't say
 by whom,
 We've Rods here in Piss that will firk off their tails,
 For all their brave Alls--and their Monarch of
Wales.

Adsheart the young Hero, had best take a Care,
 That he bent, in Conclusion drawn into a Snare :
 For, as it is said, his old Godfire intends,
 (Or at least wou'd be glad, as the Matters now
 stands)

To get shut of him handsomly off of his Hands ;
 And therefore e'en tells him in Words very plain,
That he hopes (which is true) ne'er to see him again.
 So, e'en sink or swim, Fleet, Forces and all,
 He'll venture this Cast, tho' it cost him a Fall.

To *Ireland* some think this *Welch* Hero is bound,
 Tho' Pox that's a Jest, one may venture Five
 Pound ;

For there's an old Debt still on *Lewis's* Score,
 He was bit in assisting his Father before;
 And therefore he'll hardly come there any more.

No, *Scotland's* the Place, they say, he's design'd to,
 Where tis thought —

He's a great many Friends--which perhaps, he'll
 scarce find so.

But let him take Care what may follow hereafter,
 If he trusts to the *Scots*, he may chance catch a
Tartar :
 And,

And, if he should fall in our Clutches ye know,
He'd be damnably mump'd, I can tell him but so;
Where I in his Case, I'd not trust my own Brother,
They sold us one K--, should they sell us another;
For our *Jacks* here at Home--as brave Fellows
as may be

They prick up their Ears at the News on't already;
And, out of their Zeal, they expect him at least,
To be here, *French* and all, when the Wind's
next at *East* :

But some are more cautious, and question it much,
And doubt th' Invasions design'd on the *Dutch* ;
For the Noise of his Landing they swear 'tis a
Bite all,
They'll trust to't no more--till they see him at
White-hall.

But this is but Talk all, and so let it rest,
Some are still of Opinion 'twill all prove a Jest :
This Hero at *Dunkirk* will make his Campaign,
And so gallop back to St. *Germain*s, again.

A Letter to a WHIG-LORD.

My Lord,

THE Dispute between your Lordship and Me hath, I think, no manner of Relation to what, in the common Style of these Times, are called *Principles*; wherein both Parties seem well enough to agree, if we will but allow their Professions. I can truly affirm, That none of the reasonable sober *Whigs* I have conversed with, did ever avow any Opinion concerning Religion or Government, which I was not willing to subscribe; so that, according to my Judgment, those Terms of Distinction ought to be dropped, and others introduced in their stead, to denominate Men, as they are inclined to *Peace* or *War*, to the *Last*, or the *Present Ministry*: For whoever thoroughly considers the Matter, will find these to be the only Differences that divide the Nation at present. I am apt to think your Lordship would readily allow this, if you were but aware of the Consequence I intend to draw. For it is plain, that the making Peace and War, as well as the Choice of Ministers, is wholly in the Crown; and therefore the Dispute at present lies altogether between those who would support, and those who would violate the Royal Prerogative. This Decision may seem perhaps too sudden and severe, but I do not see how it can be contested. Give

me

A Letter to a Whig Lord. 51

me leave to ask your Lordship, whether you are not resolved to oppose the present Ministry to the utmost ? and whether it was not chiefly with this Design, that upon the opening of the present Session, you gave your Vote against any Peace, till *Spain* and the *West Indies* were recovered from the *Bourbon* Family ? I am confident your Lordship then believed, what several of your House and Party have acknowledged, that the Recovery of *Spain* was grown impracticable by several Incidents, as well as by our utter Inability to continue the War upon the former Foot. But you reasoned right, that such a Vote, in such a Juncture, was the most probable Way of ruining the present Ministry. For as Her M——y would certainly lay much Weight upon a Vote of either House, so it was judged that her Ministers would hardly venture to act directly against it; the natural Consequence of which must be, a Dissolution of the Parliament, and a Return of all your Friends into a full Possession of Power. This Advantage the Lords have over the Commons, by being a fix'd Body of Men, where a Majority is not to be obtained, but by Time and Mortality, or new Creations, or other Methods, which I will suppose the present Age too virtuous to admit. Several Noble Lords who joyn'd with you in that Vote, were but little inclined to disoblige the Court, because it suited ill with their Circumstances; but the poor Gentlemen were told it was the safest Part they could act: For it was boldly al-

D 2

ledged,

ledged, that the Qu——n her self was at the Bottom of this Affair; and one of your Neighbours, whom the Dread of losing a great Employment often puts into Agonies, was growing fast into a very good Courtier, began to cultivate the chief M——r, and often expressed his Approbation of present Proceedings, till that unfortunate Day of Tryal came, when the mighty Hopes of a Change revived his Constancy, and encouraged him to adhere to his old Friends. But the Event, as your Lordship saw, was directly contrary to what your great Undertaker had flatter'd you with. The Q——n was so far from approving what you had done, that to shew she was in earnest, and to remove all future Apprehensions from that Quarter, she took a resolute necessary Step, which is like to make her easy for the rest of her Reign; and which I am confident your Lordship would not have been one of those to have put her upon, if you had not been most shamefully misinformed. After this your Party had nothing to do, but sit down and murmur at so extraordinary an Exertion of the Prerogative, and quarrel at a Necessity which their own Violence enflamed by the Treachery of others, had created. Now, my Lord, if an Action so indisputably in her M——y's Power requires any Excuse, we have a very good one at Hand: We alledged, that the Majority you hardly acquired, with so much Art and Management, partly made up from a certain *Transitory Bench*, and partly of those, whose Nobility began with

A Letter to a Whig Lord. 53

with themselves ; was wholly formed during the long Power of your Friends, so that it became necessary to turn the Balance, by new Creations ; wherein, however, great Care was taken to encrease the Peerage as little as possible, and to make a Choice against which no Objection could be raised, with relation to Birth or Fortune, or other Qualifications requisite for so high an Honour.

There is no Man hath a greater Veneration than I, for that Noble Part of our Legislature, whereof your Lordship is a Member ; and I will venture to assert, that, supposing it possible for Corruptions to go far in either Assembly, yours is less liable to them, than a House of Commons : A standing Senate of Persons, nobly Born, of great Patrimonial Estates, and of pious learned Prelates, is not easily perverted from intending the true Interest of their Prince and Country ; whereas we have found by Experience, that a corrupt Ministry, at the Head of a monied Faction, is able to procure a Majority of whom they please, to represent the People. But then, my Lord, on the other side, if it hath been so contrived by Time and Management, that the Majority of a standing Senate is made up of those who wilfully, or otherwise, mistake the Publick Good : the Cure, by common Remedies, is as slow as the Disease ; whereas a good Prince, in the Hearts of his People ; and at the Head of a Ministry who leaves them to their free Choice, cannot miss a good Assembly of Commons. Now, my Lord, we do

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assert, that this Majority of yours hath been the Workmanship of about twenty Years : During which time, considering the Choice of Persons, in the several Creations ; considering the many Arts used in making Proselytes among the young Nobility, who have since grown up ; and the wise Methods to prevent their being tainted by University Principles : Lastly, considering the Age of those who fill up a certain Bench, and with what Views their Successions have been supply'd ; I am surprized to find your Majority so bare and weak, that it is not possible for you to keep it much longer, unless old Men be immortal : Neither perhaps would there be any Necessity to wait so long, if *certain Methods* were put in Practice, which your Friends have often tryed with Success. Your Lordship plainly sees by the Event, that neither Threats nor Promises are made use of, where it is pretty well agreed, that they would not be ineffectual . Voting against the Court, and indeed against the Kingdom, in the most important Cases, hath not been followed by the Loss of Places or Pensions, unless in very few Particulars, where the Circumstances have been so extreamly aggravating, that to have been passive would have argued the lowest Weakness or Fear : To Instance only in the D. of M. who against the wholesome Advice of those who consulted his true Interest, much better than his Flatterers, would needs put all upon that desperate Issue, of destroying the present M ——— ry, or falling himself. I

I believe, my Lord, you are now fully convinced, that the Q — is altogether averse from the Thoughts of every employing your Party in Her Councils or Her Courts. You see a prodigious Majority in the House of Commons of the same Sentiments ; And the only Quarrel against the Tr — r, is an Opinion of more Mildness towards your Friends, that it is thought they deserve ; neither can you hope for better Success in the next Election, while Her M — y continues her present Servants, although the Bulk of the People were better disposed to you than it is manifest they are. With all the Advantages I lately mentioned, which a H — of L — ds has over the C — — s, it is agreed, That the Pulse of the Nation is much better felt by the latter, than the former, because those represent the whole People: But your Lordships (whatever some may pretend) do represent only your own Persons. Now it has been the old Complaint of your Party, that the Body of Country Gentlemen always leaned too much (since the *Revolution*) to the Tory-side: And as your Numbers were much lessened, about two Years ago, by a very unpopular Quarrel, wherein the Church thought it self deeply concerned ; so you daily diminish by your Zeal against Peace, which the Landed Men, half ruined by the War, do so extreamly want, and desire.

'Tis probable, my Lord, that some Persons may, upon occasion, have endeavoured to bring you over to the present Measures : If so, I desire to

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know whether such Persons required of you to change any Principles relating to Government, either in Church or State, to which you have been educated? Or did you ever hear that such a Thing was offered to any other of your Party? I am sure, neither can be affirmed; and then it is plain, that *Principles* are not concerned in the Dispute. The two chief, or indeed the only Topicks of Quarrel, are, whether the Q—— shall chuse Her own Servants? and, whether She shall keep Her Prerogative of making Peace: And I believe there is no Whig in *England* that will openly deny Her Power in either: As to the latter, which is the more avowed, Her M—— has promised that the Treaty shall be laid before Her Parliament, after which, if it be made without their Approbation, and proves to be against the Interest of the Kingdom, the Ministers must answer for it at their extreamest Peril. What is there in all this that can possibly affect your Principles, as a Whig: Or rather, my Lord, are you not, by all sorts of Principles lawful to own, obliged to acquiesce and submit to Her M—— upon this Article: But I suppose, my Lord, you will not make a Difficulty of confessing the true genuine Cause of Animosity to be, that those who are *out of Place* would fain be *in*; and that the Bulk of your Party are the *Dupes* of *half a dozen*, who are impatient at their Loss of Power. 'Tis true, they would fain infuse into your Lordship such strange Opinions of the present Ministry, and

and their Intentions, as none of themselves at all believe. Has your Lordship observed the least Step made towards giving any Suspicion of a Design to alter the Succession, to introduce Arbitrary Power, or to hurt the Toleration, unless you will reckon the last to have been damaged by the Bill lately obtained against *Occasional Conformity*, which was your own Act and Deed, by a strain of such profound Policy, and the Contrivance of so profound a Politician, that I cannot unravel it to the Bottom.

Pray, my Lord, give your self leave to consider whence this indefatigable Zeal is derived, that makes the Heads of your Party send you an hundred Messages, accost you in all Places, and remove Heaven and Earth to procure your Vote upon a Pinch, whenever they think it lies in their way to distress the Q—— and Ministry. Those who have already rendred themselves desperate, have no other Resource than in an utter Change : But this is by no means your Lordship's Case. While others were at the Head of Affairs, you serv'd the Q——n with no more Share in them, than what belonged to you as a Peer, although perhaps you were inclined to their Persons or Proceedings, more than to those of the present Sett : Those who are now in Power, cannot justly blame you for doing so ; neither can your Friends out of Place reproach you, if you go on to serve Her M—— and make Her easy in Her Government, unless they can prove, that unlawful or unreasonable

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able Things are demanded of you. I cannot see how your Conscience or Honour are here concerned; or why People who have cast off all Hopes, should desire you to embark with them against your Prince, whom you have never directly offended. 'Tis just as if a Man who had committed a Murder, and was flying his Country, should desire all his Friends and Acquaintance to bear him Company in his Flight and Banishment. Neither do I see how this will any way answer your Interest; for tho' it should possibly happen that your Friends would be again taken into Power, your Lordship cannot expect they will admit You to the Head of Affairs, or even in the *Secret*. Every thing of Consequence is already bespoke. I can tell you who is to be *Treasurer*, who *Chamberlain*, and who to be *Secretaries*: These Offices, and many others, have been some time fixed; and all your Lordship can hope for, is only the Lieutenancy of a County, or some other honorary Employment, or an Addition to your Title; or, if you were Poor, perhaps a Pension. And is not the way to any of these as fully open at present? And will you declare you cannot Serve your Q—— unless you chuse Her M——ry? Is this *Forsaking your Principles*? But that Phrase is dropt of late, and they call it *Forsaking your Friends*. To serve your Q—— and Country, while any but they are at the Helm, is to *Forsake your Friends*. This is a new Party-figure of Speech, which I cannot comprehend. I grant,
my

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my Lord, that this way of Reasoning is very just, while it extends no farther than to the several Members of their Junto's and Cabals ; and I could point out half a score Persons, for each of whom I should have the utmost Contempt, if I saw them making any Overtures to be received into Trust. Wise Men will never be persuaded, that such violent Turns can proceed from Virtue or Conviction : And I believe you and your Friends do in your own Thoughts most heartily despise *that Ignominious Example of Apostacy*, whom you outwardly so much caress. But you, my Lord, who have shared no farther in the Favour and Confidence of your Leaders, than barely to be listed of the Party, cannot honorably refuse Serving Her M——y, and contributing, in your Power, to make her Government easy, though her weighty Affairs be not trusted to the Hands where you would be glad to see them. One Advantage your Lordship may count upon, by acting with the present Ministry, is, that you shall not undergo a State Inquisition into your Principles, but may believe as you please, in those points of Government, wherein so many Writers perplex the World with their Explanation. Provided you heartily renounce the Pretender, you may suppose what you please of his Birth ; and if you allow Her M——y's undoubted Right, you may call it Hereditary or Parliamentary, as you think fit. The Ministers will second your utmost Zeal for securing the Indulgence to Protestant Dissenters.

They

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They abhor Arbitrary Power as much as You. In short, there is no Opinion properly belonging to you, as a *Whig*, wherein you may not still continue, and yet deserve the Favour and Countenance of the Court ; provided you offer nothing in Violation of the Royal Prerogative, nor take the Advantage in critical Junctures to bring Difficulties upon the Administration, with no other View, but that of putting the Q — under the Necessity of changing it. But your own Party, my Lord, whenever they return into Play, will not receive you upon such easy Terms, although they will have much more need of your Assistance : They will vary their political Catechism as often as they please ; and you must answer directly to every Article, as it serves the present Turn. This is a Truth too visible for you to call in doubt. How unanimous are you to a Man in every Point, whether of Moment or no ! whereas upon our Side, many Stragglers have appeared in all Divisions, even among those who believed the Consequence of their Dissent would be the worst we could fear : For which, the Courage, Integrity, and Moderation of those at the Helm, cannot be sufficiently admired ; though I question whether, in good Politicks, the last ought always to be imitated.

If your Lordship will please to consider the Behaviour of the *Tories* during the long Period of this Reign, while their Adversaries were in Power you will find it very different from that of
your

your Party at present. We opposed the Grant to the D. of M. till he had done something to deserve so great a Reward; and then it was granted, *nemine contradicente*. We opposed repealing the *Test*; which would level the Church established, with every sniveling Sect in the Nation. We opposed the Bill of General Naturalization, by which we were in danger to be over-run by Schismatics and Beggars: The Scheme of breaking into the Statutes of Colleges, which obliged the Fellows to take holy Orders; the Impeachment of Dr. *Sacheverill*; the hopeful Project of limiting Clergymen what to preach, with several others of the same Stamp, were strenuously opposed, as manifestly tending to the Ruin of the Church. But you cannot give a single Instance, where the least Violation hath been offered to Her Majesty's undoubted Prerogative, in either House, by the Lords or Commons of our Side. We should have been glad indeed to have seen Affairs in other Management; yet, we never attempted to bring it about by stirring up the City, or inviting Foreign Ministers to direct the Q——n in the Choice of her Servants, much less by infusing Jealousies into the next Heir: Endeavours were not publickly used to blast the Credit of the Nation, and discourage Foreigners from trusting their Money in our Funds: Nor were Writers suffered openly, and in Weekly Papers, to revile Persons in the highest Employments. In short, if you can prove where the Course of Affairs, under the late

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late Ministry, was any way clogged by the Church-Party, I will freely own the latter to have so far acted against Reason and Duty. Your Lordship finds I would argue from hence, that even the warmest Heads on your Side, and those who are deepest engaged, have no tolerable Excuse for thwarting the Q—n upon all Occasions; much less You, my Lord, who are not involved in their Guilt or Misfortunes, nor ought to involve your self in their Resentments.

I have often wondered with what Countenance these Gentlemen, who have so long engrossed the greatest Employments, have shared among them the Bounties of the Crown and the Spoils of the Nation, and are now thrown aside with universal Odium, can accost others, who either never received the Favours of the Court, or who must depend upon it for their daily Support; with what Countenance, I say, these Gentlemen can accost such Persons in their usual Style, *My Lord, you were always with us; you will not forsake your Friends: You have been still right in your Principles: Let us join to a Man, and the Court will not be able to carry it.* And this frequently in Points where *Whig* and *Tory* are no more concerned, than in the Length or Colour of your Perriwigs? Why all this Industry to ply you with Letters, Messages and Visits, for carrying some peevish Vote, which only serves to display inveterate Pride, ill Nature and Disobedience, without effect? Though you are flattered, it must possibly

bly make the Crown and Ministry so uneasy, as to bring on the Necessity of a Change: Which however is at best a Design but ill becoming a good Subject, or a Man of Honour. I shall say nothing of those who are fallen from their heights of Power and Profit, who then think all Claim of Gratitude for past Favours cancelled! But you, my Lord, upon whom the Crown has never cast any peculiar Marks of Favour or Displeasure, ought better to consider the Duty you owe your Sovereign, not only as a Subject in general, but as a Member of the Peerage, who have been always the strenuous Asserters of just Prerogative, against popular Encroachments, as well as of Liberty, against Arbitrary Power! So that it is something unnatural, as well as unjust, for one of your Order, to oppose the most Mild and Gracious Prince that ever reigned, upon a Party-Picque, and in Points where Prerogative was never disputed.

But after all, if there were any probable Hopes of bringing Things to another Turn by these violent Methods of your Friends, it might then perhaps be granted, that you acted at least a politick Part: But surely the most sanguine among them could hardly have the Confidence to insinuate to your Lordship, the Probability of such an Event, during Her M——y's Life. Will any Man of common Understanding, when he has recovered his Liberty, after being kept long in the strictest Bondage, return of his own Accord to Goal, where he is sure of being confined for ever? This Her Majesty and Millions of her Subjects, firmly believe

64 *A Letter to a Whig-Lord.*

believe to be exactly the Case, and whether it be so or no, 'tis enough that it is so believed: And this Belief is attended with as great an Aversion for those Keepers, as a good Christian can be allowed to entertain, as well as with a Dread of ever being again in their Power: So that whenever the Ministry may be changed, it will certainly not be to the Advantage of your Party, except under the next Successor, which I hope is too remote a View for your Lordship to proceed by; though I know some of your Chiefs, who build all their Expectations upon it.

For indeed, my Lord, your Party is much deceived, when they think to distress a Ministry for any long Time, or to any great purpose, while those Ministers act under a Q——n who is so firmly convinced of their Zeal and Ability for Her Service, and who is at the same time so thoroughly possessed of Her Peoples Hearts. Such a Weight will infallibly at length bear down the Balance: And, according to the Nature of our Constitution, it ought to be so; because, when any one of the Three Powers whereof our Government is composed, proves too strong for the other Two, there is an End of our Monarchy. So little are you to regard the crude Politicks of those who cried out, *The Constitution was in Danger*, when Her M——sty lately encreased the Peerage; without which it was impossible the two Houses could have proceeded, with any Concert, upon the most weighty Affairs of the Kingdom.

I know not any Quarrels your Lordship, as a Member of the *Whig* Party, can have against the Court, except those which I have already mentioned; I mean, the Removal of the late Ministry, the Dismission of the D. of *M.* and the present Negotiations of Peace. I shall not say any Thing farther upon these Heads; only, as to the Second, which concerns the D. of *M.* give me Leave to observe, that there is no Kingdom or State in *Christendom* where a Person, in such Circumstances, would have been so gently treated. But it is the Misfortune of Princes, that the Effects of their Displeasure are frequently much more publick than the Cause: The Punishments are in the Face of the World, when the Crimes are in the Dark; and Posterity, without knowing the Truth of Things, may perhaps number us among the ungrateful Populace of *Greece* and *Rome*, for discarding a General, under whose Conduct our Troops have been so many Years victorious; whereas it is most certain, that this great Lord's Resolution against Peace, upon any Terms whatsoever, did reach the Ministry at Home as much as the Enemy Abroad: Nay, his Rage against the former was so much the more violent of the two, that, as it is affirmed by skilful Computers, he spent more Money here upon *Secret Service*, in a few Months, than he did for many Years in *Flanders*. But, whether that be true or false, your Lordship knows very well, that he resolved to give no

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Quarter,

Quarter, whatever he might be content to take, when he should find himself at Mercy: And the Question was brought to this Issue, Whether the Q—n should dissolve the present Parliament, procure a new one of the *Whig* Stamp, turn out those who had ventured so far to rescue her from Insolence and ill Usage, and invite her old Controllers to resume their Tyranny with a recruited Spirit of Vengeance; or, Whether she should save all this Trouble, Danger, and Vexation, by only changing one General for another?

Whatever good Opinion I may have of the present Ministry, I do not pretend, by any Thing I have said, to make your Lordship believe, that they are Persons of sublime abstracted *Roman* Virtue: But, where two Parties divide a Nation, it so usually happens, that although the Virtues and Vices may be pretty equal on both Sides, yet the publick Good of the Country may suit better with the private Interest of one Side than of the other. Perhaps there may be nothing in it but Chance; and it might so have happened if Things were to begin again, that the *Junto*, and their Adherents, would have found it their Advantage to be obedient Subjects, faithful Servants, and good Church-men. However, since these Parts happen to be acted by another Set of Men, I am not very speculative to enquire into the Motives; but, having no Ambition at Heart to mislead me, I naturally side with
those

those who proceed most by the Maxims wherein I was educated. There was something like this in the Quarrel between *Cæsar* and *Pompey*: *Cato* and *Brutus* were the two most virtuous Men in *Rome*; the former did not much approve the Intentions of the Heads on either Side; and the latter, by Inclination, was more a Friend to *Cæsar*: But, because the Senate and People generally followed *Pompey*, and that *Cæsar's* Party was only made up of the Troops with which he conquered *Gaul*, with the Addition of some profligate Deserters from *Rome*; those two excellent Men, who thought it base to stand neuter where the Liberties of their Country was at Stake, joined heartily on that Side which undertook to preserve the Laws and Constitution, against the Usurpations of a victorious General, whose Ambition was bent to overthrow them.

I cannot dismiss your Lordship without a Remark or two upon the Bill for appointing Commissioners to enquire into the Grants since 1688. which was lately thrown out of your House, for no other Reason than the Hopes of putting the Ministry to a Plunge. It was universally known, that the Lord T——r had prevailed to wave the Tack in the House of C——, and promised his Endeavours to make the Bill pass by itself in the House of L——. I could name at least five or six of your noble Friends, who, if left to the Guidance of their own Opinion, would heartily concur to an en-

tire Resumption of those Grants; others assure me they could name a Dozen; yet, upon the Hope of weakening the Court, perplexing the Ministry, and shaking the Lord T——r's Credit in the H—— of C——, you went on so unanimously, that I do not hear there was one single Negative in your whole List, nor above one *Whig* Lord guilty of a *suspicious Absence*, who being much in your Lordship's Circumstances, of a great patrimonial Estate, and under no Obligations to either Side, did not think himself bound to forward a Point, driven on merely to make the Crown uneasy at this Juncture, while it no Way affected his Principles as a *Whig*, and which I am told was directly against his private Judgment. How he hath since been treated as an Apostate and Betrayer of his Friends, by some of the Leaders, and their Deputies, among you, I hope your Lordship is ashamed to reflect on; nor do I take such open and sudden Declarations to be very wise, unless you already despair of his Return, which, I think, after such Usage, you justly may. For the rest, I doubt your Lordship's Friends have missed every End they proposed to themselves in rejecting that Bill: My Lord Tr——r's Credit is not any Way lessened in the H—— of C——m——s. In your own House, you have been very far from making a Division among the Qu——'s Friends, as appeared manifestly a few Days ago, when you lost your Vote by so great a Majority, and
disappointed

disappointed those who had been encouraged to hire Places, upon certain Expectations of seeing a Parade to the *Tower*. Lastly, it may probably happen, that those who opposed an Inquisition into the Grants, will be found to have hardly done any very great Service to the present Possessors: To charge those Grants with six Years Purchase to the Publick, and then to confirm the Title by Parliament, would, in Effect, be no real Loss to the Owners; because, by such a Confirmation, they would rise in Value proportionably, and differ as much as the best Title can from the worst. The adverse Party knew very well, that nothing beyond this was intended; but they cannot be sure, what may be the Event of a second Inspection, which the Resentment of the H— of C—s will probably render more severe, and which you will never be able to avert when your Number lessens, as it certainly must; and when the Expedient is put in Practice, without a Tack, of making those Grants part of a Supply. From whence it is plain, that the Zeal against that Bill arose, in a great Measure, from some other Cause, than a Tenderness to those who were to suffer by it.

I shall conclude, my Lord, with putting you in mind, that you are a Subject of the Q—, a Peer of the Realm, and a Servant of your Country; and, in any of these Capacities, you are not to consider what you dislike in the Persons of those who are in the

Administration, but the Manner of conducting themselves while they are in: And then I do not despair, but your own good Sense will fully convince you, that the Prerogative of your Prince, without which her Government cannot subsist; the Honour of your House, which hath been always the great Asserter of that Prerogative, and the Welfare of your Country, are too precious to be made a Sacrifice to the Malice, the Interest, and the Ambition of a few Party-Leaders.

A Letter on the FISHERY.

Dublin, March 23, 1734.

SIR,

I Return you my hearty Thanks for your Letter and Discourse upon the Fishery; you discover in both a true Love of your Country, and (except your Civilities to me) a very good Judgment, good Wishes to this ruined Kingdom, and a perfect Knowledge of the Subject you treat: But as you are more temperate than I, and consequently much wiser (for Corruptions are apt to make me impatient and give Offence, which you prudently avoid) ever since I began to think, I was enraged at the Folly of *England*, in suffering the *Dutch* to have almost the whole Advantage of our Fishery

Fishery just under our Noses. The last Lord *Wemyss* told me, he was Governor of a Castle in *Scotland*, near which the *Dutch* used to fish: He sent to them in a civil Manner, to desire they would send him some Fish, which they brutishly refused; whereupon he ordered three or four Cannon to be discharged from the Castle (for their Boats were in Reach of the Shot) and immediately they sent him more than he wanted. The *Dutch* are like a Knot of Sharpers among a Parcel of honest Gentlemen who think they understand Play, and are bubbled of their Money.

I love them for the Love they have to their Country, which, however, is no Virtue in them, because it is their private Interest, which is directly contrary to *England*. In the Queen's Time, I did often press the Lord Treasurer *Oxford*, and others of the Ministry, upon this very Subject; but the Answer was, We must not offend the *Dutch*; who were at that very Time oppressing us in all our Steps towards a Peace. I laugh'd to see the Zeal that Ministry had about the Fishing of *Newfoundland* (I think) while no Care was taken against the *Dutch* fishing just at our Doors. As to my native Country (as you call it) I happened indeed by a perfect Accident to be born here, my Mother being left here from returning to her House at *Leicester*, and I was a Year old before I was sent to *England*; thus I am a *Teague*, and an *Irishman*, or what People please, although the

best Part of my Life was in *England*. What I did for this Country was from perfect Hatred of Tyranny and Oppression, for which I had a Proclamation against me of 300*l.* which my old Friend, my Lord *Carteret*, was forced to consent to, the very first or second Night of his Arrival hither. The Crime was that of writing against the Project of one *Wood*, an Ironmonger, to coin One hundred and eight thousand Pounds in Halfpence, not worth a sixth Part of the Money; which was laid before the People in so plain a Manner, that they all refused it, and so the Nation was preserved from immediate Ruin. I have done some small Services to this Kingdom, but I can do no more; I have too many Years upon me, and have too much Sickness. I am out of Favour at Court, where I was well received during two Summers six and seven Years ago. The governing People here do not love me; for as corrupt as *England* is, it is an Habitation of Saints in Comparison of *Ireland*. We are all Slaves and Knaves and Fools, and all but Bishops and People in Employments Beggars. The Cash of *Ireland* does not amount to Two hundred thousand Pounds. The few honest Men amongst us are dead-hearted, poor, and out of Favour and Power. I talked to two or three Gentlemen of this House of Commons now sitting here, mentioned your Scheme, shewed how very advantageous it would be to *Ireland*; they agreed with me; but said, that
if

if such a Thing were proposed, the Members would all go out, as a Thing they had no Concern in. I believe the People of *Lapland*, or the *Hottentots*. are not so miserable a People as we; for Oppression supported by Power will infallibly introduce slavish Principles. I am afraid that even in *England* your Proposal will come to nothing; there is not Virtue enough left among Mankind. If your Scheme should pass into a Law, it will become a Jobb; your sanguine Temper will cool, Rogues will be the Gainers; Party and Faction will intermingle, and defeat the most essential Parts of the whole Design; Standing-Armies in Time of Peace, Projects of Excise, and Bribing-Elections, are all you are like to be employed in; not forgetting Septennial Parliaments, directly against the old Whig-Principles; which always have been mine.

A Gentleman of this Kingdom, about three Years ago, joined with some others in a Fishery here in the Northern Parts; they advanced only Two hundred Pounds by Way of Trial; they got Men from *Orkney* to cure the Fish, who understood it well; but the vulgar Folks of *Ireland* are so lazy and so knavish, that it turned to no Account, nor would any body join with them, and so the Matter fell, and they lost two Thirds of their Money, Oppressed Beggars are always Knaves, and I believe there are hardly any other among us; they had rather gain a Shilling by Knavery,
than

than five Pound by honest Dealing. They lost 300*l.* a Year for ever, in the Time of the Plague, at *Marseilles*, when the *Spaniards* would have bought all their Linnen from *Ireland*; but the Merchants and the Weavers sent over such abominable Linnen, that it was all returned back, and sold for a fourth Part Value. This is our Condition, which you may please to pity, but never can mend. I wish you good Success with all my Heart. I have always loved good Projects, but have always found them to miscarry. I am, Sir, with true Esteem for your good Intentions,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

P. S. I would subscribe my Name, if I had not a very bad one, so I leave you to guess it. If I can be of any Service to you in this Kingdom, I shall be glad you will employ me.

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The DRAPIER's *Letter to the* *good People of Ireland.*

My dear Countrymen,

IT is now some considerable Time since I troubled you with my Advice; and, as I am growing old and infirm, I was in good Hopes to have been quietly laid in my Grave, before any Occasion offer'd of addressing you again: But my Affection for you, which does not decay, though my poor Body does, obligeth me once more to put you in Mind of your true Interest, that you may not unwarily run yourselves into Danger and Distress for Want of understanding, or seriously considering it.

I have many Reasons to believe, that there are not few among you, who secretly rejoice at the Rebellion which is now raised in *Scotland*; and perhaps conceive Hopes of some Alteration for the better, in their Circumstances and Condition, if it should succeed. It is those mistaken People whom I design to talk to in this Letter, and I desire no more of them than to give me a fair Hearing; examining coolly with themselves, whether what I shall say be true.

It is no Objection to my speaking to them, that they are generally Papists. I do not know how other People are disposed, but, for my

Part,

Part, I hate no Man for his Religion ; I look upon a Papist as my Countryman and Neighbour, though I happened myself to be a Protestant. And if I know what Advice is good for him, I can see no Reason why I should not give it him, or why he should not take it.

A Papist has Sense, I suppose, like other Men, to see his Interest and Advantage ; and the same natural Desire to embrace it, where he finds it ; and if I can show him where it lies, he won't, I believe, kick it from him, barely to spite me as a Protestant.

I have nothing to say to the *Popish* Gentry of this Kingdom. They would hardly take such a plain Man's Advice ; and besides, they have so many Ways of coming off safe themselves, though the poor People were undone, that I need not be concerned for them.

My Care is for the common People, the Labourers, Farmers, Artificers, and Tradesmen of this Nation, who are in Danger of being deluded by their Betters, and made Tools of to serve their Purposes, without any Advantage to themselves. It is possible, that among the Lords and 'Squires, one perhaps of a hundred would get something by a Change : Places and Employments will be promised them, no doubt ; and a few of those Promises, perhaps, the *French* and *Scotch* Friends of the Pretender might give him Leave to keep : But what are the poorer Sort the better all this while ? Will the Labourer get one Farthing a Day more ?

Will

Will the Farmer's Rent be lowered? Will the Artificer be more employ'd, or better paid? Will the Tradesman get more Customers, or have fewer Scores upon his Books?

I have been bred in a careful Way of Life, and never ventured upon any Project, without consulting my Pillow first, how much I should be a Gainer in the Upshot. I wish my good Countrymen would do so too, and before they grow fond of Change, ask themselves this sober Question, Whether it would better their Condition if it were really brought about? If it would not, to what Purpose do we wish it? If the poor Labourer, when all is over, is to be a Labourer still, and earn his Groat a Day as hardly as he did before, I cannot find why he should think it worth his while to venture a Leg or an Arm, and the Gallows too into the Bargain, to be just where he set out. If he must dig and delve when the Pretender is settled on the Throne, he had as good stick to it now, for any Difference I can see.

I believe my Countrymen are not so mad as to imagine, that the Pretender can, or will give every one of them Estates; and I am sure, if he does not, they can be only where they were. If a Farmer must pay his Rent, I see no Reason that he should be much concerned whether he pays it to one Man or to another. His Popish Landlord will, I suppose, demand it as soon and as strictly as a Protestant; and if
he

he does not pay it, pound his Cattle, or distrain his Goods, as readily, at least.

I have not observed, that Tenants to Popish Landlords wear tighter Clothes, ride better Cattle, or spend more Money at Markets and Fairs than the Tenants on Protestant Estates; therefore I cannot believe they are better used; on the contrary, I know, from long Experience, that there is more Money taken in my Shop from the latter than the former; and therefore I suppose, that, generally speaking, they are in better Circumstances. I could wish all of them had better Bargains; but since they will not be mended by the best Success that their own Hearts could wish to the Pretender, they may as well be quiet, and make the best of such as they have already.

There is not a more foolish Trade than fighting for nothing, and I hope my good Countrymen will be too wise to be persuaded into it. Fine Speeches and fair Promises will not be wanting to delude them; but let them remember the Warning I now give them, that when all is over, the very best that can befall them, is, to have their Labour for their Pains.

I doubt not but you are told, that you will all be made; and I do not expect that you should take my Word to the contrary. I desire only, that you would trust the Understanding God has given you, and not be fool'd out of your Senses. Will the Manufacturer
be

be made by an entire Stop to Business? Or the Tradesman by being obliged to shut up Shop? And yet you all must know, that in a Civil War no Work can be carried on, nor any Trade go forwards. I hope you are not yet so stupid as to think, that People will build Houses, buy rich Furniture, or make up fine Clothes, when we are all together by the Ears, and no body can tell to whose Share they will fall at last. And if there be no Buyers, you can have no Employers. Merchants will not stock themselves with Goods when there is no Demand for them, to have their Shops rifled, and their Store-Houses broken open and plundered by one Side or the other.

Indeed, my good Friends and Countrymen, let designing People say what they please, you will all be ruin'd in the Struggle, let it end which Way it will; and it well deserves your Thoughts, whether it is worth your while to beggar yourselves and Families, that the Man's Name upon the Throne may be *James* instead of *George*. You will probably see neither of them while you live, nor be one Penny the richer for the one, or for the other; and if you take my Advice, you will accordingly not trouble your Heads about them.

You may think it a fine Thing when you get drunk over your Ale, to throw up your Caps and cry, Long live King *James*; but it would be a wiser Thing to think how you
will

will live yourselves, after you are beggared in his Cause. Will he make good your Losses? Pay one Man for the Plundering of his Warehouse, and another for the Rifling of his Shop? Will he give you Money, think ye, to release your own and your Wives Clothes, which you must pawn for Bread, because no Work is stirring? Will he buy new Looms and Tackles for you, because yours have been burn'd and destroy'd? If you fancy so, you are strangely imposed upon indeed. He will have other Things to do with his Money; or if he had any to spare, there will be hungry *Frenchmen* enough about him to snap it up, before it comes to you.

I will not say any Thing to you about the Dangers you must run in the Course of a Civil War, though they are very dreadful, and more horrid than you can possibly imagine, because I cannot think that there is any Need of it. I have shown you very plainly, that if you should be deluded to take Arms, you fight for less than Nothing, for the undoing of yourselves and Families; and if this Argument will not prevail upon you to be quiet, I can only pray for you, that God will be pleas'd to restore you to the right Use of your Understandings. I am,

Your old and faithful Friend,

The DRAPIER.

SOME

SOME
REMARKS
UPON A
PAMPHLET,
INTITULED,

*A LETTER to the SEVEN LORDS
of the Committee appointed to exa-
mine GREGG.*

By the AUTHOR of the EXAMINER.

Printed for John Morphew, near Stationers-
Hall. 1711.

SOME

REMARKS

UNION A

P A M P H L E T



N L E T T E R S
of the C
Mrs G R

By the Author of the 'P A M P H L E T'

Printed for J. W. Smith, 10, New Street, London.

Some Remarks, &c.

THOSE who have given themselves the Trouble to write against me, either in single Papers, or Pamphlets, (and they are pretty numerous) do all agree in discovering a violent Rage, and at the same Time affecting an Air of Contempt toward their Adversary; which, in my humble Opinion, are not very consistent; and therefore it is plain, that their Fury is real and hearty, their Contempt only personated. I have pretty well studied this Matter, and would caution Writers of their Standard, never to engage in that difficult Attempt of Despising, which is a Work to be done in cold Blood, and only by a superior Genius to one at some Distance beneath him. I can truly affirm, I have had a very sincere Contempt for many of those who have drawn their Pens against me; yet I rather chose the cheap Way of discovering it by Silence and Neglect, than be at the Pains of new Terms to express it: I have known a Lady value herself upon a haughty disdainful Look, which very few understood, and no Body alive regarded. Those Common-place Terms of *Infamous Scribler*, *Prostitute Libeller*, and the like, thrown abroad without Propriety or Provocation, do ill personate the true Spirit of Contempt, because they are such as the mean-

est Writer whenever he pleases, may use, towards the best. I remember indeed a Parish Fool, who, with a great deal of Deformity, carry'd the most disdainful Look I ever observed in any Countenance; and it was the most prominent Part of his Folly; but he was thoroughly in earnest, which these Writers are not: For there is another Thing I would observe, that my Antagonists are most of them *so*, in a literal Sense; breath *real* Vengeance, and extend their Threats to my Person, if they knew where to find it; wherein they are so far from despising, that I am sensible they do me too much Honour. The Author of *the Letter to the seven L—ds*, takes upon him the three Characters of a *Depiser*, a *Threatner*, and a *Railer*; and succeeds so well in the two last, that it has made him miscarry in the first. It is no unwise Proceeding which the Writers of that Side have taken up, to scatter their Menaces in every Paper they publish; it may perhaps look absurd, ridiculous and impudent in People at Mercy to assume such a Style; but the Design is right, to endeavour persuading the World, that it is *They* who are the injur'd Party, that *They* are the Sufferers, and have a Right to be angry.

However, there is one Point wherein these Gentlemen seem to stretch this wise Expedient a little farther than it will allow. I, who for several Months undertook to Examine into the late Management of Persons and Things, was
content

content sometimes to give only a few Hints of certain Matters, which I had Charity enough to wish might be buried for ever in Oblivion, if the Confidence of these People had not forced them from me. One Instance whereof, among many, is the Business of Gregg, the Subject of a Letter I am now considering. If this Piece hath been written by Direction, as I should be apt to suspect, yet I am confident, they would not have us think so, because it is a Sort of Challenge, to let the World into the whole Secret of Gregg's Affair. But I suppose they are confident, it is what I am not Master of; wherein 'tis odds but they may be mistaken; for I believe the Memorials of that Transaction are better preserved than they seem to be aware of, as perhaps may one Day appear.

This Writer is offended because I have said so many severe Things with Application to particular Persons. The *Medley* has been often in the same Story: If they condemn it as a Crime in general, I shall not much object, at least I will allow it should be done with Truth and Caution; but by what Argument will they undertake to prove that it is pardonable on one Side, and not on t'other? Since the late Change of Mi——y, I have observ'd many of that Party take up a new Style, and tell us, That *this Way of personal Reflection ought not to be endured; they could not approve of it; 'twas against Charity and good Manners.* When

the *Whigs* were in Power, they took special Care to keep their *Adversaries* silent ; then all kind of Falshood and Scurrility was *doing good Service to the Cause, and detecting of evil Principles*. Now, that the Face of Things is changed, and we have Liberty to retort upon them, they are for calling down Fire from Heaven upon us; tho' by a Sort of Indulgence which they were Strangers to, we allow them equal Liberty of the Press with ourselves; and they even now make greater Use of it against Persons in highest Power and Credit, than we do against those who have been discarded for the most infamous Abuse of both.

Who encouraged and rewarded the *Observer* and *Review* for many Years together, in charging the whole Body of the Clergy with the most odious Crimes and Opinions? In declaring all who took Oaths to the Government, and called themselves *Tories*, to be worse than *Papists* and *Nonjurors*? In exposing the Universities, as Seminaries of the most pernicious Principles in Church and State? In defending the Rebellion, and the Murder of King *Charles I.* which they asserted to be altogether as justifiable as the late Revolution? Is there a great Man now in Power, or in any Credit with the Queen, whom those worthy Undertakers have not treated by Name in the most ignominious Manner? Even since this great Change of Affairs, with what amazing

ing Licentiousness hath the Writer of the *Medley* attacked every Person of the present Ministry, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and the whole Senate? He hath turned into Ridicule the Results of the Council and the Parliament, as well as the just and generous Endeavours of the latter to pay the Debts, and restore the Credit, of the Nation, almost ruined by the Corruption and Management of his own Party.

And are these the People who complain of personal Reflections? Who so confidently invoke the Men in Power (whom they have so highly obliged) to punish or silence me for reflecting on their exploded Heroes? Is there no Difference between Men chosen by the Prince, revered by the People for their Virtue, and others rejected by both for the highest Demerits? Shall the *Medley* and his Brothers fly out with Impunity against those who preside at the Helm? And am I to be torn in Pieces because I censure others, who, for endeavouring to split the Vessel against a Rock, are put under the *Hatches*?

I now proceed to the Pamphlet which I intend to consider: It is a Letter written to Seven great Men, who were appointed to examine Gregg in *Newgate*. The Writer tells their L—ps, that the *Examiner* hath charged them for *endeavouring, by Bribery and Subordination of that Criminal, to take away Mr. H—'s Life*. If there be any Thing among

the Papers I have writ, which may be applied to these Persons, it would have become this Author to have cleared them fully from the Accusation, and then he might at Leisure have fallen upon me as a Lyar and Misrepresenter; but of that he has not offered a Syllable: The Weight of his Charge lies here; That such an Author as the *Examiner* should presume, by certain Innuendo's, to accuse any great Persons of such a Crime. My Business, in those Papers, was to represent Facts; and I was as sparing as possible of reflecting upon particular Persons: But the Mischief is, that the Readers have always found Names to tally with those Facts; and I know no Remedy for this. As for Instance, in the Case here before us. An under Clerk in the Secretary's Office, of 50*l.* a Year, is discovered to hold Correspondence with *France*, and apprehended by his Master's Order, before he could have Opportunity to make his Escape, by the private Warning of a certain Person, a professed Enemy to the Secretary. The Criminal is condemned to die. It is found, upon his Tryal, that he was a poor profligate Fellow: The Secretary, at that Time, was under the mortal Hatred of a violent prevailing Party, who dreaded him for his great Abilities, and his avowed Design to break their destructive Measures. It was very well known, that a Secretary of State hath little or no Intercourse with the lower Clerks, but with the Under Secretaries,

taries, who are the more immediate Masters of those Clerks, and are, and ought to be, as they then were, Gentlemen of Worth: However, it would pass well enough in the World, that *Gregg* was employed in Mr. Secretary *H—*'s Office, and was consequently one of his Clerks, which would be Ground enough to build upon it what Suggestions they pleased. Then for the Criminal, he was needy and vicious: He owed his Death to the Secretary's watchful Pursuit of him, and would therefore probably incline to hearken to any Offers that would save his Life, gratify his Revenge, and make him easy in his Fortune: So that if a Work of Darkeness were to be done, it must be confessed, here were proper Motives, and a proper Instrument. But ought we to suspect any Persons of such a diabolical Practice? Can all Faith, and Honour, and Justice, be thus violated by Men? Questions proper for a Pulpit, or well becoming a Philosopher: But what if it were *Regnandi causa*? (and that perhaps in a literal Sense) Is this an Age of the World to think Crimes improbable because they are great? Perhaps it is: But what shall we say to some of those Circumstances which attended this Fact? Who gave Rise to this Report against Mr. *H—*? Will any of his Enemies confess, in cold Blood, that they did either believe, suspect, or imagine, the Secretary, and one of the under Clerks, to be joined in corresponding with *France*? Some of them,

them, I should think, knew better what belonged to such a Correspondence, and how it ought to be managed. The Nature of Gregg's Crime was such, as to be best performed without any Accomplices at all: It was, to be a Spy here for the *French*, and to tell them all he knew; and it appears by his Letters, that he never had it in his Power to let them into any Thing of Importance. The Copy of the *Queen's* Letter to the *Emperor*, which he sent to the Enemy, and hath made such a Noise, was only to desire, that Prince *Eugene* might be employed to command in *Spain*, which, for six Weeks before had been mentioned in all the Gazettes of *Europe*. It was evident, from the Matter of his Letters, that no Man of Consequence could have any Share in them. The whole Affair had been examined in the *Cabinet* two Months before, and there found and reported as only affecting the Person of Gregg, who, to supply his Vices and his Wants, was tempted to engage in that Correspondence: It is therefore hard to conceive, how that Examination should be resumed after such a Distance of Time, with any fair or honourable Intention. Why were not Gregg's Examinations published, which were signed by his own Hand, and had been taken in *Cabinet* two Months before the Committee of the House was appointed to re-examine him? Why was he pressed so close to cry out with Horror, *Good God, would you have me accuse Mr. Harley,*

ley, *when he is wholly innocent*? Why were all the Answers returned to the Queries sent him immediately burned? I cannot, in my Conscience, but think, that the Party was bound in Honour to procure Gregg a Pardon, which was openly promised him, upon Condition of making an *ingenuous* Confession, unless they had some other Notions of what is *ingenuous*, than is commonly meant by that Word. A Confession may be never the less *ingenuous*, for not answering the Hopes or Designs of those who take it: But, though the Word was publicly used, the Definition of it was reserved to *private Interpretation*, and, by a capricious Humour of Fortune, a most flagitious, though repenting Villain, was hanged for his Virtue. It could not indeed consist with any Kind of Prudence then in Fashion to spare his Life, and thereby leave it in his Power, at any Time, to detect their Practices, which he might afterwards do at any Time with so much Honour to himself.

But I have the Luck to be accused by this Author in very good Company: The two Houses of Parliament in general, and the *Speaker* of the House of Commons in particular; whom he taxes with *Falshood* and *Absurdity*, as well as myself, though in a more respectful Manner, and by a Sort of Irony. The whole Kingdom had given the same Interpretation that I had done, to some certain Passages in the Address from both Houses, upon the
Attempt

Attempt of *Guiscard*; Friends and Enemies agreed in applying the Word *Faction*. But the *Speaker* is much clearer; talks (as I have mentioned in another Place) of *SOME unparalleled Attempts*, and uses other Terms that come pretty home to the Point. As to what the Parliament affirms, this Author makes it first as absurd and impracticable as he can, and then pretends to yield, as *pressed by so great an Authority*, and explains their Meaning into Nonsense, in order to bring them off from reflecting upon his Party. Then for the *Speaker*, this Writer says, *he is but a single Man*, and, because his Speech was in Words too direct to avoid, he advises him to *save his Honour and Virtue, by owning a Solecism in Speech*, and to *write less correctly, rather than mean maliciously*. What an Expedient this Advocate hath found to remove the Load of an Accusation! He answers, The Crime is horrible, that great Men ought not to be thus insolently charged: We reply, That the Parliament and Speaker appear, in many Points, to be of the same Opinion: He rejoins, That *he is pressed by too great an Authority*; that perhaps those wise Assemblies, and that Honourable Gentleman, (who besides *is but a single Man*) may probably speak Nonsense; they must either deliver a Solecism, or be malicious, and, in good Manners, he rather thinks it may be the former.

The Writer of the Letter having thus dispatched the *Examiner*, falls next upon a Paper called

called *Secret Transactions*, &c. written, as he tells us, by one *Fraucis Hoffman*, and the *Ordinary* of *Newgate*, Persons whom I have not the Honour to be known to, (whatever my *Betters* may be) nor have yet seen their Productions: But, by what is cited from them in the Letter, it should seem they have made some untoward Observations; however, the same Answer still serves not a Word to controul what they say, only they are a Couple of daring, insolent Wretches, to *reflect upon the greatest and best Men in England*; and there's an End. I have no Sort of Regard for that same *Hoffman*, to whose Character I am a perfect Stranger; but methinks the *Ordinary* of *Newgate* should be treated with more Respect, considering what *Company* he has kept, and what *Visitors* he may have had. However, I shall not enter into a Point of Controversy, Whether *the L—ds were acquainted with the Ordinary*, or the *Ordinary with the L—ds*, since this Author leaves it undecided. Only one Thing I take to be a little hard: It is now confessed on all Hands, That Mr. *H—* was most unjustly suspected of joining with an under Clerk in corresponding with *France*: The Suspicion being in itself unreasonable, and without the least probable Grounds, wise Men began to consider what violent Enemies that Gentleman had: They found the Report most industriously spread, the *Whigs*, in common Discourse, discovering their Wishes, that he might
be

be found guilty : The Management of the whole Affair was put into the Hands of such as, it is supposed, would at least not be sorry to find more than they expected. The Criminal's dying Speech is unfortunately published, wherein he thanks God he was not tempted *to save his Life by falsely accusing his Master* ; with more to the same Purpose : From all this put together, it was no very unnatural Conjecture, that there might have been some tampering. Now, I say, it is a little hard, that Mr. H—'s Friends must not be allowed to have their Suspicions as well as his Enemies : And this Author, if he intended to deal fairly, should have spent one Paragraph in railing at those who had the Impudence and Villainy to suspect Mr. H—, and then proceed in due Method to defend his Committee of *Examiners* : But that Gentleman being, as this Author says of the Speaker, *but a single Man*, I suppose his Reputation and Life were esteemed but of little Consequence.

There is one State of the Case in this Letter, which I cannot well omit, because the Author, I suppose, conceives it to be extremely cunning and malicious ; that it cuts to the Quick, and is wonderfully severe upon Mr. H—, without exposing the Writer to any Danger. I say this to gratify him, to let him know I take his Meaning, and discover his Inclinations. His parallel Case is this : “ Sup-
“ posing *Guiscard* had been intimate with some
“ great

“ great Officer of State, and had been sus-
 “ pected to communicate his most secret Af-
 “ fairs with that Mi——r;” then he asks,
 “ Whether it would have been Subornation,
 “ or Seeking the Life and Blood of that Of-
 “ ficer, in these great L——ds of the Council,
 “ if they had narrowly examined this Affair,
 “ inquired with all Exactness, what he knew
 “ of this great Officer, what Secrets he had
 “ imported to him, and whether he were
 “ privy to his corresponding? &c.” In this
 Parallel, *Guiscard's* Case is supposed to be the
 same with *Gregg's*; and that of the great Of-
 ficer with Mr. *H—'s*. So that here he lays
 down as a Thing granted, that *Gregg* was in-
timate with Mr. H—, and suspected to communi-
cate his most Secret Affairs to him. Now did
 ever any rational Man suspect, that Mr. *H—*,
 First Principal Secretary of State, was intimate
 with an under Clerk, or upon the Foot of
 having *most Secret Affairs communicated to Him*
 from such a Councillor, from one in so infe-
 rior a Station, whom perhaps he hardly knew
 by Sight? Why was that Report raised, but
 for the Uses which were afterwards made of
 it? Or, why should we wonder that they,
 who were so wicked to be Authors of it,
 would be scrupulous in applying it to the only
 Purpose for which it could be raised?

Having thus considered the main Design of
 this Letter, I shall make a few Remarks upon
 some particular Passages in it.

First,

First, Tho' it be of no Consequence to this Dispute, I cannot but observe a most evident Falshood, which he repeats three or four times in his Letter, that *I make the World believe I am set on work by Great People*. I remember my self to have several Times affirmed the direct contrary, and so I do still; and if I durst tell him my Name, which he is so desirous to know, he would be convinced that I am of a Temper to think no Man great enough to set me on Work; nay, I am content to own all the scurrilous Titles he gives me, if he be able to find one *Innuendo* through all those Papers that can any Way favour this Calumny: The Malice of which is not intended against *Me*, but the present Mi—y, to make the World believe, that what I have publish'd, is the utmost Effort of all they can say or think against the last: Whereas it is nothing more than the common Observations of a private Man, deducing Consequences and Effects from very natural and visible Causes.

He tells us, with great Propriety of Speech, That the Seven L—ds and their Friends are treated as *Subverters of the Constitution, and such as have been long endeavouring to destroy both Church and State*. This puts me in mind of One, who first murder'd a Man, and afterwards endeavour'd to kill him: And therefore I here solemnly deny them to have been *Subverters of the Constitution*: But that *some People*

ple did their best Endeavours, I confidently believe.

He tells *Me* particularly, that I *acquit* Guiscard *by a Blunder of a Design against Mr. H——'s Life*. I declare he injures me, for I look upon *Guiscard* to be full as guilty of the Design, as even those were who tamper'd in the Business of *Gregg*; and both (to avoid all cavelling) as guilty as ever any Man was that suffer'd Death by Law.

He calls the Stabbing of Mr. *H——*, a *sore Blow*, but I suppose he means His *Recovery*; That indeed was a *sore Blow* to the *Interests* of his Party: But I take the Business of *Gregg* to have been a much *sorer Blow* to their *Reputation*.

This Writer wonders how I *should know their L—d—p's Hearts*, because he hardly knows his own. I do not well see the Consequence of this: Perhaps he never examines into his own Heart, perhaps it keeps no Correspondence with his Tongue or his Pen: I hope at least, it is a Stranger to those foul Terms he has strow'd throughout his Letter; otherwise I fear I *know it too well*: For *out of the Abundance of the Heart, the Mouth speaketh*. But however, Actions are pretty good Discoverers of the Heart, though Words are not; and whoever has once endeavour'd to take away my Life, if he has still the same, or rather much greater Cause, whether it be a just one or no, and has never shewn the least Sign of

H

Remorse;

Remorse; I may venture, without being a Conjuror, to know so much of his Heart, as to believe he would repeat his Attempt, if it were in his Power. I must needs quote some following Lines in the same Page, which are of an extraordinary Kind, and seem to describe the blessed Age we should live in, under the Return of the late Administration.

“ ’Tis very well (saith he) that Peoples Heads
 “ are to stand on their Shoulders, as long as
 “ the Laws will let them; if it depended up-
 “ on any Thing besides, it may be your
 “ L—d—s seven Heads might be as soon cut
 “ off, as that one Gentleman’s, were you in
 “ Power.” Then he concludes the Paragraph with this charitable Prayer, in the true Moderation-Style, and in Italick Letter, *May the Head that has done the Kingdom the greatest Mischief fall first, let it be whose it will.* The plain Meaning of which is this: If the late Mi——y were in Power, they would act just as the present Mi——y would, if there were no Law, which perhaps may be true: But I know not any Mi——y upon Earth, that I durst confide in without Law; and if at their coming in again, they design to make their *Power the Law*, they may as easily cut off *Seven Heads as One.* As for *the Head that has done the greatest Mischief to the Kingdom*, I cannot consent it should fall, ’till he and I have settled the Meaning of the Word *Mischief*. Neither do I much approve this renewing an
 old

old Fashion of whipping off *Heads* by a *Prayer*; it began from what *some of us* think an ill Precedent. Then that unlimited Clause, *let it be whose it will*, perplexes me not a little: I wish in Compliance with an old Form, he had excepted *my Lord-Mayor*: Otherwise, if it were to be determin'd by their Vote, *whose Head it was that had done the greatest Mischief*; which Way can we tell how far *their Predecessor's* Principles may have influenc'd them? God preserve the Qu— and Her Mi—rs from such undistinguishing Disposers of Heads.

His Remarks upon what the *Ordinary* told *Hoffman* are singular enough. The *Ordinary's* Words are, “ That so many Endeavours
“ were us'd to corrupt *Gregg's* Conscience,
“ &c. that he felt as much Uneasiness lest
“ *Gregg* should betray his Master, as if it had
“ been his own Case.” The Author of the Letter says to this, “ That for ought the *Ordinary* knew, he might confess what was
“ exactly true of his Master; and that therefore, an indifferent Person might as well be
“ uneasy, for fear *Gregg* should discover
“ something of his Master, that would touch
“ his Life, and yet might have been True.” But if these were really the *Ordinary's* Thoughts at that Time, they were honest and reasonable. He knew it was highly improbable that a Person of Mr. *H—y's* Character and Station, should make Use of such a Confederate in Treason: If he had suspected his *Loyalty*,

he could not have suspected his *Understanding*; and knowing how much Mr. H—y was feared and hated by the Men in Power, and observing that *Resort to Gregg at unseasonable Hours, and that strange Promises were often made him by Men of Note*; all this put together, might naturally incline the *Ordinary* to think, the Design could be nothing else, but that Mr. H—y should be accused in spite of his Innocence.

This Charge of *Subornation* is, it seems, so extraordinary a Crime, that the Author *challenges all the Books in the new L—d's Library (because he hears it is the largest) to furnish us with an Instance like it.* What if this Charge should be true? Then I, in my Turn, would challenge all the Books in *another L—d's Library*, which is ten times larger (though perhaps not so often disturbed) to furnish us with an Instance like this. If it be so monstrous a Thing to accuse others of *Subornation*, what Epithet is left to bestow upon those who are really guilty of the Crime itself? I think it beyond Controversy, that *Subornation* was practised in the Business of *Gregg*: This manifestly appears from those few Facts I have mention'd: Let the *Whigs* agree among them where to fix it. Nay, 'tis plain, by the great Endeavours made to stifle his last Speech, that they would have suborned the poor Man even after he was dead: And is this a Matter now to be call'd in Question, much less to be denied?

He

He compares the Examination of *Guiscard* with that of *Gregg*, talks of several great Persons who examin'd the former in Prison, and promised him the Queen's Pardon, if he would make a full Discovery. Then the Author puts the Case, *How wicked it would be to charge these honourable Counsellors with suborning Guiscard by Promises of Life, &c. to accuse the Innocent, and betray his Friends.* Does it any where appear, that those Noble Persons who examined *Guiscard*, put *leading Questions* to him, or pointed out where they would have him *fix* an Accusation? Did they name *some mortal Enemy* of their own, and then drop *Words of Pardon and Reward, if he would accuse him?* Did *Guiscard* leave any Paper behind him, to justify the Innocence of *some great Person* whom he was *tempted* to accuse! Yet perhaps I could think of certain People, who were much more likely to act in Concert with *Guiscard*, than ever Mr. H— was to be Confederate with *Gregg*. I can imagine several who *wish'd* the Penknife in Mr. H—'s Heart, though *Guiscard* alone was desperate enough to attempt it. Who were those, that by their Discourses, as well as Countenances, discover'd their Joy when the Blow was struck? Who were those that went out, or stood silent, when the *Address* and *Congratulation* were voted? And who were those that refin'd so far as to make Mr. H— Confederate with his own *Assassin*?

There is one Point which this Author affirms more than once or twice in a transient Way, as if he would have us suppose it a Thing granted; but is of such a Weight, that it wants nothing but Truth to make the late Change of Mi—y a very useless and dangerous Proceeding: For so it must be allow'd, if, as he affirms, “ Affairs are still under the like
“ Management, and must be so, because there
“ is no better; *that* this Set of Men must
“ take the same Courses in their Ministration
“ with their Predecessors, or ten times worse;
“ that the new Servants go on in the old Methods, and give the same Council and Advice, on the like Occasions, with the old
“ ones;” with more to the same Purpose. A Man may affirm, without being of the *Cabinet*, that every Syllable of this is absolutely false; unless he means, that Money is still raised by Parliament, and borrow'd upon new Funds; that the D. of M. still commands the Army; that we have a Treasurer, Keeper, President and Secretaries, as we had before; and that because the Council meets much about the same Times and Places as formerly, therefore they *give the same Advice*, and *pursue the same Measures*. What does he think of finding Funds to pay the old unprovided-for Debt of the Navy, and erecting a Company for the *South-sea Trade*? What does he think of Mr. *Hill's Expedition* to preserve our Trade in the *West-Indies*? What, of the Methods taken

ken to make our Allies pay their *Quota's* to the War, which was a Thing so scandalously either neglected, connived at, or encouraged? What, of the Care to retrench the exorbitant Expences of the *Spanish* War? What, of those many Abuses and Corruptions at Home, which have been so narrowly enquired into, and in a good Part redress'd? Evils so deeply radicated, must require some Time to remedy them, and cannot be all set right in a few Months. Besides, there are some Circumstances known by the Names of Honour, Probity, good Sense, great Capacity for Business; as likewise, certain Principles of Religion and Loyalty, the Want or Possession of all which, will make a mighty Difference even in the Pursuit of the same Measures. There is also one Characteristick which will ever distinguish the late Mi—y from the present, That the former sacrificing all Regards to the Increase of their Wealth and Power, found Those were no otherwise to be preserved, but by Continuance of the War; whereas the Interest, as well as Inclinations of the present, dispose them to make use of the first Opportunities for a safe and honourable Peace.

The Writer goes on upon another parallel Case, which is, the modern Way of reflecting upon a Prince and Mi—y. He tells us, “ That the Qu— was brought to discard her
“ old Officers through the Multitude of Com-
“ plaints, secret Teazings, and importunate

“ Clamours of a Rout of People, led by their
 “ Priests, and spirited underhand by crafty
 “ Emissaries.” Would not any one who reads
 this imagine, that the whole Rabble, with the
 Clergy at their Head, were whispering in the
 Qu—’s Ear, or came in Disguise to *desire a*
Word with her Ma—y, like the Army of the
 two Kings of *Brentford*? The unbias’d Ma-
 jority of the Nobility and Gentry of the King-
 dom, are call’d, by this Son of Obscurity, *a*
Rout of People, and the Clergy their *Leaders*.
 We have often accus’d that Party for their evil
 Talent of Railing perpetually against the Cler-
 gy, which they discovered at first without any
 visible Reason or Provocation, as conscious of
 the Designs they had in View, and therefore
 wisely began by villifying those whom they in-
 tended to destroy. I have observ’d formerly,
 that the Party-Malice against the Clergy hath
 been so blind and furious, as to charge them
 with Crimes wholly inconsistent. I find they
 are still in the same Disposition, and that this
 Writer hath received *Direction from his Supe-*
riors, to pursue the old Stile upon that Article.
 Accordingly, in the Paragraph I am now upon,
 he represents that Reverend Body as *Leaders*,
Cullies, and *Tools*. First he says, *That Rout of*
secret Teazers (meaning the Nobility and Gen-
 try of the Kingdom) were *led by the Priests*.
 Then he assures us, that the Q—n will, in a
 Year or two, begin to consider, *Who it was*
that cheated those poor Priests. And in case
 Her

Her M—y should have a Mind to bring in the old Mi—y again, he comforts his Party, That *the Priests are seldom wanting to become the Tools of cunning Managers.* I desire to know in what Sense he would have us to understand, that *these poor Priests* have been cheated? Are they cheated by a Fund establish'd for Building 50 Churches? Or by the Q—'s Letter empowering them to proceed on the Business proper for a Convocation? What one single Advantage could they possibly lose by this Change? They are still indeed abus'd every Day in Print, but it is by those who are without the Power to hurt them; the Serpent has lost his Sting, is trodden under Foot, and its *Hissing* is contemned. But he confidently affirms, That when it shall be thought fit to restore the old Mi—y, *the Priests will not be wanting to become the Tools of their cunning Managers.* This I cannot by any Means allow, unless they have some hidden Reserve of Cunning which hath never yet been produced. The cunningest Managers I ever knew among them, are of all others most detested by the Clergy: Neither do I remember they have been ever able to make any of them *Tools*, except by making them *B—ps*; even those few they were able to seduce, would not be their *Tools* at a lower Rate.

But because this Author, and others of his Standard, affect to make use of that Word *Tool*, when they have a Mind to be Shrewd and

and Satyrical; I desire once for all to set them right. A *Tool* and an *Instrument*, in the metaphorical Sense, differ thus: The former, is an Engine in the Hands of *Knaves*, the latter in those of wise and honest Men. The greatest Mi—s are *Instruments* in the Hands of Princes, and so are Princes themselves in the Hands of God; and in this Sense the Clergy are ready to be *Instruments* of any Good to the Prince or People. But that the Clergy of *England*, since the *Reformation*, have at any Time been the *Tools* of a Party, is a Calumny which History and constant Experience will immediately confute. *Scismatick* and *Fanatick* Preachers, have indeed been perpetually employ'd that Way with good Success; by the Faction against K. *Charles I.* to murder their Prince, and ruin the Monarchy; by K. *James II.* to bring in Popery: And ever since the Revolution, to advance the unmeasurable Appetite of Power and Wealth, among a Set of profligate Upstarts. But in all these three Instances, the establish'd Clergy (except a very few, like *Tares among Wheat*, and those generally sown by the Enemy) were so far from being *Tools*, that in the first, they were persecuted, imprisoned and deprived; and in the two others, they were great *Instruments*, under God, for preserving our Religion and Liberty.

In the same Paragraph, which contains a Project for turning out the present Mi—y, and restoring the last; he owns, that the Q— is

now

now served with more obsequious Words, more humble Adorations, and a more seeming Resignation to her Will and Pleasure, then she was before. And indeed if this be not true, her M— has the worst Luck of any Prince in Christendom. The Reverse of these Phrases I take to be *Rude Expressions, Insolent Behaviour,* and a *real Opposition to her M—'s most just and reasonable Commands,* which are the mildest Terms that the Demeanor of some late Persons towards their Prince can deserve, in Return of the highest Favours that Subjects ever received, whereof a hundred Particulars might be produced. So that according to our Author's Way of Reasoning, I will put a parallel Case in my Turn. I have a Servant to whom I am exceeding kind, I reward him infinitely above his Merit. Besides which, he and his Family snap every Thing they can lay their Hands on; they will let none come near me, but themselves and Dependants; they misrepresent my best Friends as my greatest Enemies; besides, they are so saucy and malapart, there is no speaking to them; so far from any Respect, that they treat me as an Inferior. At last I pluck up Spirit, turn them all out of Doors, and take in new ones, who are content with what I allow them, tho' I have less to spare than formerly; give me their best Advice when I ask it, are constantly in the Way, do what I bid them, make a Bow when they come in and go out, and always give me a respectful Answer.

Answer. I suppose the Writer of the Letter would tell me, that my present Domesticks were indeed a *little more civil*, but the former were *better Servants*.

There are two Things wherewith this Author is peculiarly angry. First, at the *licentious Way of the Scum of Mankind treating the greatest Peers in the Nation*: Secondly, That *these Hedge-Writers* (a Phrase I unwillingly lend him, because it cost me some Pains to invent) *seldom speak a Word against any of the late Mi—y, but they presently fall to compliment my L—d Tr—, and others in great Places*. On the first, he brings but one Instance, but I could produce a good many Hundred. What does he think of the *Observer*, the *Review*, and the *Medley*? In his own impartial Judgment, may not they as fairly bid for being the *Scum of Mankind*, as the *Examiner*? And have they not treated *at least* as many, and *almost* as *great Peers*, in as infamous a Manner? I grant indeed, that, through the great Defect of Truth, Genius, Learning, and common Sense, among the Libellers of that Party, they being of no Entertainment to the World, after serving the present Turn, were immediately forgotten. But this we can remember in gross, that there was not a great Man in *England*, distinguished for his Love to the Monarchy or the Church, who, under the Appellations of *Tory*, *Jacobite*, *High-flier*, and other *Cant Words*, was not represented as a publick

publick Enemy, and loaden by Name with all Manner of Obloquy. Nay, have they not even disturbed the Ashes, and endeavoured to blast the Memories of the Dead, and chiefly of those who lost their Lives in the Service of the Monarchy and the Church? His other Quarrel is at our *Flattering my L—d Tr—*, and other great Persons in Power. To which I shall only say, For every Line written in Praise of the present Ministry, I will engage to furnish the Author with three Pages of the most fulsome Panegyricks on the least deserving Members of the last; which is somewhat more than by the Proportion of Time, while they were in Power, could fall to their Share. Indeed, I am apt to think, that the Men of Wit, at least, will be more sparing in their Incense of this Kind for the future, and say no more of any great Man, now at the Helm, than they believe he deserves. Poems, Dedications, and other publick Encomiums, might be of Use to those, who were obliged to keep up an unnatural Spirit in the Nation, by supplying it with Art; and consequently the Authors deserved, and sometimes met, Encouragement and Reward. But those great Patriots, now at the Head of Affairs, are sufficiently supported by the *uncompelled* Favour of the Qu—, and the *natural* Disposition of the People. We can do them no *Service* by our Applauses, and therefore can expect no *Payment*: So that I look upon this Kind of Stock
to

to have fallen at least 90 *per Cent.* since the great Changes at Court.

He puts a few Questions, which I am in some Pain to answer. "Cannot, *says he*, the
" Successors be excellent Men, unless the Pre-
" decessors be Villains? Cannot the Qu—
" change her Mi—s, but they must present-
" ly be such as neither God nor Man can en-
" dure? Do Noblemen fall from all Honour,
" Virtue, and Religion, because they are so
" unhappy as to fall from their Prince's Fa-
" vour?" I desire to say something, in the
first Place, to this last Question, which I an-
swer in the Negative. However, he will own,
that "Men should fall from their Prince's Fa-
" vour, when they are so unhappy as to fall
" from all Honour, Virtue, and Religion;"
though I must confess my Belief at the same
Time, that *some certain Persons* have lately *fal-*
len from Favour, who could not, for a very
manifest Reason, be said, properly speaking,
to *fall from any of the other three*. To his
other Questions I can only say, that the con-
stant Language of the Whig Pamphleteers has
been, this Twelvemonth past, to tell us, how
dangerous a Step it was to change the Mi—y
at so nice a Juncture; to shake our Credit,
disoblige our Allies, and encourage the *French*.
Then this Author tells us, that those discard-
ed Politicians *were the greatest Mi—s we ever*
had: His Brethren have said the same Thing
a hun-

a hundred Times. On the other Side, the Queen, upon long Deliberation, was resolved to part with them: The universal Voice of the People was against them: Her Majesty is the most mild and gracious Prince that ever reigned: We have been constantly victorious, and are ruined; the Enemy flourishes under his perpetual Losses. If these be the Consequences of an *able, faithful, diligent, and dutiful* Administration; of *that astonishing Success*, he says, *Providence hath crown'd us with*, what can be those of one directly contrary? But, not to enter into a wide Field at present, I faithfully promise the Author of the Letter, his Correspondents, his Patrons, and his Brethren, that this Mystery of Iniquity shall be very shortly laid open to the View of the World; when the most ignorant and prejudiced Reader will, I hope, be convinced by Facts not to be controuled, how miserably this poor Kingdom has been deluded to the very Brink of Destruction.

He would have it, that the People of *England* have *lost their Senses*; are *bewitch'd* and *cheated, mad, and without Understanding*: But that all this *will go off by Degrees*, and then his *great Men will recover their Esteem and Credit*. I did, in one of my Papers, overthrow this idle affected Opinion, which has been a thousand Times urged by those who most wish'd and least believ'd it: I there shewed

shewed the Difference between a *short Madness of the People*, and their *natural Bent or Genius*. I remember when King James II. went from *England*, he left a Paper behind him, with Expressions much to the same Purpose; *hoping*, among other Things, that *God would open the Eyes of the Nation*. Too much Zeal for his Religion brought us then in Danger of *Popery* and *Arbitrary Power*; too much *Infidelity*, *Avarice*, and *Ambition*, brought us lately into *equal Danger of Atheism* and *Anarchy*. The People have not yet *opened their Eyes*, to see any Advantage in the two former; nor, I hope, will ever *find their Senses* enough to discover the Blessings of the two latter. Cannot I see Things in another Light than this Author and his Party do, without being *blind*? Is my *Understanding lost* when it differs from theirs? Am I *cheated, bewitch'd*, and *out of my Senses*, because I think those to have been *Betrayers of our Country*, whom they call *Patriots*?

He hopes his seven Correspondents *will never want their Places*; but is in Pain for the poor Kingdom, lest *their Places should want them*. Now I have examined this Matter, and am not at all discouraged. Two of them hold their Places still, and are likely to continue in them; two more were *Governors of Islands*: I believe the Author does not imagine those to be among the *Places* which will *want Men* to fill

fill them. God be thanked, a Man may command the *Beef-Eaters* without being a Soldier; I will at any Time undertake to do it myself. Then it would be a little hard, if the Queen should be at a Loss for a *Steward* to her Family. So that, upon the Whole, I see but one great Employment which is in any Danger of wanting a sufficient Person to execute it. We must do as well as we can: Yet I have been told, that the bare Business of *presiding* in Council does not require such very transcendent Abilities; and I am mistaken if, till within these late Years, we have not been some Ages without that Office. So that I hope Things may go well enough, provided the *Keeper*, *Treasurer*, and both the *Secretaries*, will do their Duties; and it is happy for the Nation, that none of *their seven L—d—s* left any of *those Places* to want them.

The Writer of the Letter concludes it with an “Appeal to all the Princes and States of Europe, Friends and Enemies *by Name*, to give their Judgment, Whether they think the late Mi—y were wanting in Faithfulness, Abilities, or Diligence, to serve their Prince and Country.” Now, if he speaks by Order of his Party, I am humbly of Opinion, they have incurred a *Premunire*, for appealing to a foreign Jurisdiction, and her Majesty may seize their Goods and Chattels whenever she pleases. In the mean Time, I will

I

not

not accept his Appeal, which has been rejected by the Qu—, and both Houses of Parliament. But, let a fair Jury be impannelled in any County of *England*, and I will be determined by their Verdict. First, he names the King of *France*, and all his Counsellors, with the *Pretender*, and all his Favourers and Abettors. These I except against: I know they will readily judge the late Mi—y to be faithful, able, and diligent, in serving *their Prince* and Country. The Councils of *some People* have, in their Way, served very much to promote the Service of the *Pretender*, and to enable the *French King* to assist him; and is not he, in that Monarch's Opinion, as well as his own, *their lawful Prince*? I except against the *Emperor* and the *States*; because it can be proved upon them, that the *Plaintiffs* and they have an *Understanding* together. I except against any Prince who makes unreasonable Demands, and threatens to recal his Troops if they be not comply'd with; because they have been forced of late to change their Language, and may perhaps be shortly obliged to observe their Articles more strictly. I should be sorry, for the Appealers Sakes, to have their Case referred to the Kings of *Sweden* and *Denmark*, who infallibly would decree them to be all hanged up for their Insolence to their Sovereign. But above all, the King of *Spain* would certainly be against them, when he considers

siders with how scandalous a Neglect his Interests have been managed; and that the full Possession of his Kingdom was made a Sacrifice to those, whose Private or Party-Interest swayed them to the Continuance of the War. The Author had Reason to omit the *Grand Seignior* and the *Czar* in the List of his Judges: The Decrees of those Princes are too sudden and sanguinary, and their Lessons to instruct Subjects in Behaviour to their Princes, by strangling them with a Bow-string, or flinging them to be devoured alive by Hogs, were enough to deter him from submitting to their Jurisdiction.

Mr. B——, Serjeant at Law, and M——r of P——t, a profess'd Enemy to the Clergy, having been reflected on by the Dean, in a humorous Poem, intitled *Brother Protestant*, and thinking himself highly injur'd thereby, resolv'd to be reveng'd on Dr. *Swift*, as the Author of the said Poem. With this Design he engag'd his Footman and two Ruffians to attend him, in order to secure the Dean where-ever they met him, till he had gratify'd his Resentment either by maiming or stabbing him. Accordingly, he went directly to the Deanery, and hearing the Dean was at a Friend's House, follow'd him thither, charged him with writing the said Verses, but had not Courage enough to put his bloody Design in Execution. However, as he had the Assurance to relate this Affair to several Noblemen and Gentlemen, the Inhabitants of the Liberty of St. *Patrick's* waited upon the Dean in Form, and presented the following Paper, sign'd by above 30 of them, in the Name of themselves, and the rest of their Neighbourhood, *viz.*

WE the Inhabitants of the Liberty of the Dean and Chapter of St. *Patrick's, Dublin*, and the Neighbourhood of the same, having been informed, by universal Report, that a certain Man of this City hath openly threatened and sworn before many hundred People,

People, as well Persons of Quality, as others, that he resolves upon the first Opportunity, by the Help of several Ruffians, to murder or maim the Reverend the Dean of *St. Patrick*, our Neighbour, Benefactor, and Head of the Liberty of *St. Patrick*, upon a frivolous unproved Suspicion, of the said Dean's having written some Lines in Verse reflecting on the said Man.

Therefore we, the said Inhabitants of the said Liberty, and in the Neighbourhood thereof, from our great Love and Respect to the said Dean, to whom the whole Kingdom hath so many Obligations, as well as we of the Liberty, do unanimously declare, that we will endeavour to defend the Life and Limbs of the said Dean against the said Man, and all his Ruffians and Murderers, as far as the Law will allow, if he or any of them presume to come into the said Liberty with any wicked malicious Intent against the House or Family, or Person, or Goods of the said Dean. To which we have chearfully, sincerely and heartily set our Hands.

The Dean being in Bed, very much indisposed, and not able to receive the said Persons, dictated the following Answer :

Gentlemen,

I Receive, with great Thankfulness, these many kind Expressions of your Concern for my Safety, as well as your declared Reso-

lution to defend me (as far as the Laws of God and Man will allow) against all Murderers and Ruffians, who shall attempt to enter into the Liberty with any bloody or wicked Designs upon my Life, my Limbs, my House or my Goods. Gentlemen, my Life is in the Hand of God, and whether it may be cut off by Treachery or open Violence, or by the common Way of other Men; as long as it continues I shall ever bear a greatful Memory for this Favour you have shewn, beyond my Expectation, and almost exceeding my Wishes.

The Inhabitants of the Liberty, as well as those of the Neighbourhood, have lived with me in great Amity for near twenty Years; which I am confident will never diminish during my Life. I am chiefly sorry, that by two cruel Disorders of Deafness and Giddiness, which have pursued me for four Months, I am not in a Condition either to hear, or to receive you, much less to return my most sincere Acknowledgments, which in Justice and Gratitude I ought to do. May God bless you and your Families in this World, and make you for ever happy in the next.

Dean

Dean SWIFT at Sir *Arthur Acheson's*
in the North of *Ireland*.

THE Dean would visit *Market-hill*,
Our Invitation was but flight;
I said, Why let him if he will,
And so I bid Sir *A——r* write.
His Manners would not let him wait,
Lest we should think ourselves neglected;
And so we saw him at our Gate
Three Days before he was expected.
After a Week, a Month, a Quarter,
And Day succeeding after Day,
Says not a Word of his Departure,
Tho' not a Soul would have him stay.
I've said enough to make him blush,
Methinks, or else the Devil's in't;
But he cares not for it a Rush,
Nor for my Life will take the Hint.
But you, my Dear, may let him know,
In civil Language, if he stays,
How deep and foul the Roads may grow,
And that he may command the Chaise.
Or you may say—my Wife intends,
Tho' I should be exceeding proud,
This Winter to invite some Friends,
And, Sir, I know, you hate a Crowd.

Or, Mr. Déan—I should with Joy
Beg you would here continue still,
But we must go to *Aghnacloy*,
Or Mr. *M—r* will take it ill.

The House Accounts are daily rising,
So much his Stay does swell the Bills ;
My dearest Life, it is surprising,
How much he eats, how much he swills.

His Brace of Puppies how they stuff,
And they must have three Meals a Day,
Yet never think they get enough ;
His Horses too eat all our Hay.

Oh ! if I could, how I would maul
His Tallow Face and Wainscot Paws,
His Beetle-brows, and Eyes of Wall,
And make him soon give up the Cause.

Must I be every Moment chid
With skinny, boney, snip and lean ;
Oh ! that I could but once be rid
Of this insulting Tyrant Déan !

BALLY-

BALLY-SPELLING.

ALL you that wou'd refine your Blood,
 As pure as fam'd *Llewellyn*,
 By Waters clear, come ev'ry Year
 And drink at *Bally-Spelling*.

If Spots or Itch your Skins enrich
 With Rubies past the telling,
 'Twill clear your Skin before you've been
 A Month at *Bally-Spelling*.

If Ladies Cheek be green as Leek
 When she comes from her Dwelling,
 The kindling Rose within it glows
 When she's at *Bally-Spelling*.

The footy Brown, who comes to Town,
 Grows here as fair as *Helen*,
 Then back she goes to kill the Beaux
 By Dint of *Bally-Spelling*.

Our Ladies are as fresh and fair
 As *Rofs*, or bright *Dunkelling* :
 And *Mars* might make a fair Mistake,
 Were he at *Bally-Spelling*.

We Men submit as they think fit,
 And here is no rebelling ;
 The Reason's plain, the Ladies reign,
 They're Queens at *Bally-Spelling*.

By

By matchless Charms unconquer'd Arms,
They have the Power of quelling
Such desperate Foes as dare oppose
Their Power at *Bally-Spelling*.

Cold Water turns to Fire, and burns,
I know, because I fell in
A Stream which came from one bright Dame
Who drank at *Bally-Spelling*.

Fine Beaux advance equipt for Dance,
And bring their *Anne* or *Nell* in
With so much Grace, I'm sure no Place
Can vie with *Bally-Spelling*.

No Politicks, no subtle Tricks,
No Man his Country selling,
We eat, we drink, we never think
Of these at *Bally-Spelling*.

The troubled Mind, the puffed with Wind,
Do all come here *Pell-mell* in;
And they are sure to work their Cure
By drinking *Bally-Spelling*.

If dropsy fills you to the Gills,
From Chin to Toe tho' swelling,
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A Cure at *Bally-Spelling*.

Death throws no Darts thro' all these Parts,
No Sextons here are knelling;
Come, judge and try, you'll never die,
And live at *Bally-Spelling* :

Except

Except you feel Darts tipt with Steel,
Which here are every Belle in;
When from their Eyes sweet Ruin flies,
We die at *Bally-Spelling*.

Good Chear, sweet Air, much Joy, no Care,
Your Sight, your Taste, your Smelling,
Your Ears, your Touch, transporteth much
Each Day at *Bally-Spelling*.

Within this Ground we all sleep sound,
No noisy Dogs a yelling;
Except you wake for *Cælia's* Sake
All Night at *Bally-Spelling*.

Here all you see, both he and she,
No Lady keeps her Cell in;
But all partake the Mirth we make
Who drink at *Bally-Spelling*.

My Rhimes are gone, I think I've none,
Unless I should bring Hell in;
But since I am here to Heav'n so near,
I can't at *Bally-Spelling*.

BOUTS

B O U T S R I M E S.

On Signora DOMITILLA.

O UR School-master may rave i' th' Fit
Of classic Beauty *hæc & illa*,
Not all his Birch inspires such Wit
As th' ogling Beams of *Domitilla*.

Let Nobles toast, in bright *Champain*,
Nymphs higher born than *Domitilla* ;
I'll drink her Health, again, again,
In *Berkeley's* Tar, or *Sars-parilla*.

At *Goodmans-Fields* I've much admir'd
The Postures strange of *Monsieur Brilla* ;
But what are they, to the soft Step,
The gliding Air of *Domitilla* ?

Virgil has eterniz'd in Song
The flying Footsteps of *Camilla* :
Sure, as a Prophet, he was wrong ;
He might have dream'd of *Domitilla*,

Great *Theodose* condemn'd a Town
For thinking ill of his *Placilla*,
And Duce take *London*, if some Knight
O' th' City wed not *Domitilla*.

Wheeler, Sir *George*, in Travels wife,
Gives us a Medal of *Plantilla* ;
But O! The Empress has not Eyes,
Nor Lips, nor Breast, like *Domitilla*,

Not

Not all the Wealth of plunder'd *Italy*,
 Pil'd on the Mules of King *At-tila*,
 Is worth one Glove, (I'll not tell a bit a Lie)
 Or Garter, snatch'd from *Domitilla*.

Five Years a Nymph at certain Hamlet,
 Y-cleped *Harrow of the Hill*, a-
 —'bus'd much my Heart, and was a damn'd let
 To Verse—but now for *Domitilla*.

Dan *Pope* consigns *Belinda's* Watch
 To the fair Sylphid *Momentilla*,
 And thus I offer up my Catch
 To th' snow-white Hands of *Domitilla*.

On the Countess of DONEGAL.

UNERRING Heaven, with bounteous
 Hand,
 Has form'd a Model for your Land,
 Whom *Jove* endow'd with ev'ry Grace:
 The Glory of the *Granard* Race;
 Now destin'd by the Pow'rs divine,
 The Blessing of another Line.
 Then, would you paint a matchless Dame,
 Whom you'd consign to endless Fame?
 Invoke not *Cytherea's* Aid,
 Nor borrow from the blue-ey'd Maid,
 Nor need you on the Graces call;—
 Take Qualities from *Donegal*.

On

On PADDY's Character of the INTELLIGENCER.

AS a *Thore-bush*, or *Oaken-bough*,
Stuck in an *Irish Cabbin's Brow*,
Above the Door, at *Country-fair*,
Betokens Entertainment there ;
 So *Bays* on Poets *Brows* have been
Set, for a *Sign of Wit* within.
 And as *ill Neighbours* in the *Night*,
Pull down an *Ale-house-Bush* for *Spite*.
 The *Laurel* so, by Poets worn,
 Is by the *Teeth of Envy* torn ;
Envy, a *Canker-Worm* which *tears*
 Those *Sacred Leaves* that *Lightning spares*.
 And now to *exemplify* this *Moral*,
 Tom having *earn'd* a *Twig of Laurel*.
 (Which *measur'd* on his *Head*, was found
 Not *long enough* to reach *half round*,
 But like a *Girl's Cockade*, was ty'd
 A *Trophy*, on his *Temple-side*.)
 PADDY *repin'd* to see him wear
 This *Badge of Honour* in his *Hair*,
 And thinking this *Cockade of Wit*
 Would his *own Temples* better fit,
 Forming his *Muse* by * *MEDLEY's Model*,
 Lets drive at Tom's *devoted Noddle*,

Pelts

* A Dean then in *Ireland*, and would be Poet, who
 hoped to arrive at *Fame*, by attacking that of other *Wri-
 ters Editions*.

Pelts him by Turns with *Verse* and *Prose*,
Humms, like a *Hornet* at his Nose,
 At length, presumes to vent his Satyr on
 The DEAN, TOM's honour'd Friend and Patron.
 The EAGLE in the Tale, ye know,
 Teaz'd by a Buzzing Wasp below,
 Took wing to JOVE, and hop'd to rest
 Securely in the Thunderer's Breast,
 In vain; even there to spoil his Nod,
 The SPITEFUL INSECT stung the God.

The S T O R M.

PALLAS, a Goddess chaste and wise,
 Descending lately from the Skies;
 To Neptune went, and beg'd in Form,
 He'd give his Orders for a Storm:
 A Storm to drown that Rascal H——t,
 And she would kindly thank him for't:
 The Wretch whom Irish Knaves (to spite her)
 Had lately honour'd with a Mitre.
 The God, to favour her Request,
 Affur'd her, he would do his best.

But Venus had been there before,
 Pleaded the B——p lov'd a W——re;
 And had enlarged her Empire wide,
 He own'd no Deity beside.
 At Sea or Land if e'er you found him
 Without a Mistress, hang or drown him.

Since

Since *B——t*'s Death, the Bishop's Bench
 'Till *H——t* arriv'd, ne'er kept a Wench;
 If *H——t* must sink; she grieves to tell it,
 She'll not have left one single Prelate:
 And she must own, she did intend him
 Elect for *Cyprus*, in *Commendam*.

And since her Birth the Ocean gave her,
 She could not doubt her Uncle's Favour.

Then *Proteus* made the same Request;
 But half in Earnest, half in Jest;
 Said he, great Sov'reign of the Main,
 To drown him, all Attempts are vain;
 He can assume more Shapes, than I,
 A Rake, or Bully, Pimp, or Spy:
 Can run, or creep, or fly, or swim;
 All Motions are alike to him;
 Turn him adrift, and you shall find,
 He knows to sail, with ev'ry Wind.
 Or throw him over-board, he'll ride
 As well against, as with the Tide.
 And *Pallas*, you apply too late,
 For 'tis decreed by *Jove*, and Fate,
 That *Ireland* must be soon destroy'd,
 Then who but *H——t*, should be employ'd?
 You need not therefore be so pert,
 On sending *Bolton*, to *Clonfort*:
 I find you did it by your Grinning,
 Your Business is, to mind your Spinning.
 And how you came to interpose
 In making *B——ps*, no Man knows.
 Or who regarded your Report?
 For never were you seen at Court.

But

But if you must have your Petition,
 Here's *Berkely*, in the same Condition;
 Look how he stands, and 'tis but just,
 If *H——t* must drown, the *Doctor* must:
 But if you leave us *B——p Judas*,
 We'll give you *Berkely* for *Bermudas*.
 Or if 'twill gratify your Spite,
 To put him in a plaguy Fright,
 (Although 'twill hardly quit the Cost)
 You soon shall see him soundly tost;
 You'll find, he'll swear, blaspheme, and damn,
 And every Moment take a *Dram*:
 His ghastly Visage with an Air
 Of Reprobation and Despair;
 Or when some hiding Hole he seeks,
 For fear the rest should say he *squeaks*;
 Or as *Fitz-Patrick* did before,
 Resolv'd to perish with his *W——re*;
 Or when he raves, or roars and swears,
 And but for Shame would say his Pray'rs;
 Or would you see his Spirits sink,
 Refluxing downwards in a Stink;
 If such a Scene as this can please ye,
 Good Madam *Pallas*, pray be easy.
 Let *Neptune* speak, and I'll consent,
 But he'll come back, the Rogue he went,
 The Goddess who receiv'd a Hope,
 That *H——t* was destined for a Rope;
 Yet fearing *Berkely* might be scar'd,
 She left him Virtue, for his Guard,

*A R I D D L E. By Dr. Delany.
Inscribed to the Lady Carteret.*

I Reach all Things near me, and far off to boot,
Without stretching a Finger, or stirring a
Foot.

I take them all in too, to add to your Wonder,
Tho' many and various, and large and asunder.
Without jostling or crowding they pass Side by
Side,

Thro' a wonderful Wicket, not Half an Inch
wide.

Then I lodge them at Ease in a very large
Store,

Of no Breadth, or Length, with a thousand
Things more.

All this I can do without Witchcraft or Charm,
Tho' sometimes they say I bewitch, and do
Harm;

Tho' cold I inflame, and tho' quiet invade,
And nothing can shield from my Spell but a
Shade.

A Thief that has robb'd you, or done you
Disgrace,

In magical Mirrour I'll shew you his Face:
Nay, if you'll believe what the Poets have said,
They'll tell you I kill, and can call back the
Dead.

Like Conjurers safe in my Circle I dwell,
I love to look black too, it heightens my Spell;
Tho'

Tho' my Magick is mighty in every Hue,
Who see all my Power must see it in You.

The same answer'd by Dr. SWIFT.

WITH half an Eye
Your Riddle I spy.

I observe your Wicket
Hemm'd in by a Thicket,

And whatever passes
Is strained thro' Glasses.

You're reported to dwell,

Like a Monk in a Cell,

You say it is quiet,

I flatly deny it:

It wanders about,

Without stirring out,

No Passion so weak

But gives it a Tweak;

Love, Joy, and Devotion

Set it always in Motion.

And as for the Tragick

Effects of its Magick,

Which you say it can kill,

Or revive at its Will,

The Dead are all sound

And revive above Ground,

After all you have writ,

It cannot be Wit.

Which plainly does follow,
 Since it flies from *Apollo*.
 Its Cowardice such,
 It cries at a Touch,
 'Tis a perfect Milk-sop,
 Grows drunk with a Drop.
 Another great Fault,
 It cannot bear Salt;
 And a Hair can disarm
 It of every Charm.

*A PETITION to his Grace the Duke
 of GRAFTON.*

Non Domus & Fundus. HOR.

IT was, my Lord, the dextrous Shift
 Of t'other *Jonathan*, viz. *Swift*;
 But now *St. Patrick's* saucy Dean,
 With silver Verge, and Surplice clean,
 Of *Oxford*, or of *Ormond's* Grace
 In looser Rhyme to beg a Place.
 A Place he got, yclep'd a Stall;
 And eke a thousand Pounds withal;
 And were he a less witty Writer
 He might as well have got a Mitre.

Thus I the *Jonathan* of *Connor*,
 In humble Lays my Thanks to offer,
 Approach

Approach your *Grace* with grateful Heart,
 My Thanks and Verse devoid of Art,
 Content with what your Bounty gave,
 No larger Income do I crave :
 Rejoicing that in *better Times*
 GRAFTON requires my loyal Lines.
 Proud ! while my *Patron* is *polite*,
 I likewise to the Patriot write.
 Proud ! that at once I can commend
 King *George's* and the Muse's Friend,
 Endear'd to *Britain* and to Thee,
 (Disjoin'd *Hibernia* by the Sea)
 Endear'd by twice three anxious Years,
 Employ'd in Guardian Toils and Cares ;
 By Love, by Wisdom, and by Skill,
 For He has sav'd *Thee* against thy Will.

But where shall SMEDLY make his Nest
 And lay his wandring Head to Rest ?
 Where shall he find a decent House
 To treat his Friends, and chear his Spouse ?
 Oh ! lack, my Lord, some pretty Cure,
 In wholesome Soil, and Æther pure ;
 The Garden stor'd with artless Flowers,
 In either Angle shady Bowers.
 No gay *Parterre* with costly Green,
 Within the ambient Hedge be seen :
 Let Nature freely take her Course,
 Nor fear from one ungrateful Force ;
 No Sheers shall check her sprouting Vigour,
 Nor shape the Yews to antick Figure :

A limpid Brook shall *Trouts* supply,
 In *May* to take the mimick Fly,
 Round a small Orchard may it run,
 Whose Apples redden to the Sun.
 Let all be snug, and warm, and neat,
 For *fifty turn'd* a safe Retreat.
 A little *Euston* may it be,
Euston I'll carve on ev'ry Tree.
 But then to keep it in Repair,
 My Lord—*Twice fifty Pounds* a Year
 Will barely do ; but if your *Grace*
 Could makethem *hundreds*—charming Place!
 Thou then would'st shew another Face.

C——n ! far North, my Lord, it lies,
 Midst snowy Hills, inclement Skies,
 One shivers with the *Artick* Wind,
 One hears the *Polar Axis* grind.
 Good *John* indeed with Beef and Claret,
 Makes the Place warm that one may bear it.
 He has a Purse to keep a Table,
 And eke a Soul as hospitable.
 My Heart is good ; but Affets fail,
 To fight with Storms of Snow and Hail ;
 Besides the Country's thin of People,
 Who seldom meet, but at the Steeple :
 The strapping Dean, that's gone to *Down*,
 Ne'er nam'd the Thing without a Frown,
 When much fatigu'd with Sermon Study,
 He felt his Brain grow dull and muddy ;
 No fit Companion cou'd be found
 To push the lazy Bottle round ;

Sure

Sure then for want of better Folks,
To pledge, *his Clerk* was *Orthodox*.

Al! how unlike to *Gerard-Street*,
Where Beaus and Belles in Parties meet;
Where gilded Chairs and Coaches throng,
And jostle as they trowl along;
Where *Tea* and *Coffee* hourly flow,
And *Gape-Seed* does in Plenty grow!
And *Griz* (no Clock more certain) cries
Exact at Seven, *Hot Mutton-Pies*.
There Lady *Luna* in her Sphere
Once shone, when *Paunceforth* was not near;
But now she wains, and, as 'tis said,
Keeps sober Hours, and goes to Bed.
There——but 'tis endless to write down
All the Amusements of the Town;
And Spouse will think herself quite undone
To trudge to *Connor* from sweet *London*.
And care we must our Wives to please
Or——else we shall be ill at Ease.

You see, my Lord, what 'tis I lack,
'Tis only some convenient Tack,
Some Parsonage-House, with Garden sweet,
To be my late, my last Retreat;
A decent Church close by its Side,
There preaching, praying, to reside;
And as my Time securely rolls,
To save my own and others Souls.

His GRACE'S Answer.

By Dean SWIFT.

DEAR *Smed*, I read thy brilliant Lines,
 Where Wit in all its Glory shines;
 Where Compliments with all their Pride
 Are by thy Numbers dignify'd:
 I hope to make you yet as clean,
 As that same, *viz. St. Patrick's Dean*.
 I'll give thee *Surplice, Verge, and Stall*,
 And may be something else withal.
 And were you not so good a Writer,
 I should present you with a Mitre.
 Write worse then, *if you can*—Be wise—
 Believe, 'tis *the Way to rise*.
 Talk not of *making of thy Nest*,
Ab! never lay thy Head to rest!
That Head so well with Wisdom fraught!
That writes without the Toil of Thought.
 While others wrack their busy Brains,
 You are not in the least at Pains.
 Down to your *Deanery* repair,
 And build a *Castle in the Air*.
 I'm sure a Man of your fine Sense
 Can do it with a small Expence.
 There your *Dear Spouse*, and you together,
 May breathe your Bellies-full of *Æther*.
 When *Lady Luna* is your Neighbour,
 She'll help your *Wife* when she's in Labour.

Well

Well skill'd in Midwife Artifices,
For she herself oft' *falls in Pieces*.
There you shall see a *Rary-shew*,
Will make you scorn this *World below*,
When you behold the Milky Way,
As white as Snow, as bright as Day,
The glitt'ring Constellations roll
About the grinding *Artick Pole*.
The lovely Tingling in your Ears,
Wrought by the Musick of the Spheres—
Your Spouse shall then no longer hector,
You need not fear a Curtain Lecture;
Nor shall she think that she is *undone*
For quitting her beloved *London*.
When she's exalted in the Skies,
She'll never think of Mutton-Pies;
When you're advanc'd above *Dean*, viz.
You'll never think of Goody Griz.
But ever, ever live at Ease,
And strive, and strive *your Wife to please*,
In her you'll center all your Joys,
And get Ten thousand *Girls and Boys*:
Ten thousand Girls and Boys you'll get,
And they, like Stars, shall *rise and set*.
While *you and Spouse* transform'd, shall soon
Be a *new Sun*, and a *new Moon*:
Nor shall you strive your Horns to hide,
For then your Horns shall be your Pride.

A True

*A True and Faithful Inventory of the
Goods belonging to Dr. Sw——t,
Vicar of Lara Cor; upon lending his
House to the Bishop of —— till his
own was built.*

AN Oaken, broken, Elbow-Chair;
A Cawdle-Cup, without an Ear;
A batter'd, shatter'd Ash Bedstead;
A Box of Deal, without a Lid;
A Pair of Tongs, but out of Joint;
A Back-sword Poker, without Point;
A Pot that's crack'd a-cross, around,
With an old knotted Garter bound;
An Iron Lock, without a Key;
A Wig, with hanging, quite grown grey;
A Curtain worn to Half a Stripe;
A Pair of Bellows, without Pipe;
A Dish which might good Meat afford once;
An *Ovid*, and an old *Concordance*;
A Bottle bottom, Wooden Platter,
One is for Meal, and one for Water:
There likewise is a Copper Skillet,
Which runs as fast out as you fill it;
A Candlestick, Snuff-dish, and Save-all,
And thus his Household Goods you have all.
These, to your Lordship, as a Friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend:
They'll serve your Lordship for a Shift;
Why not, as well as Doctor Sw——t?

Verses

*Verses by Dr. Swift, on his Curate's
Complaint of hard Duty.*

I March'd three Miles through scorching
Sand,
With Zeal in Heart, and Notes in Hand:
I rode four more to *Great St. Mary*,
Using four Legs, when two were weary:
To three fair Virgins I did tye Men,
In the close Bands of pleasing Hymen:
I dipp'd two Babes in holy Water,
And purify'd their Mother after.
Within an Hour and eke a half,
I preach'd three Congregations deaf;
Where thund'ring out, with Lungs long-
winded,
I chopp'd so fast, that few there minded.
My Emblem, the laborious Sun,
Saw all these mighty Labours done,
Before one Race of his was run:
All this perform'd by *Robert Hewit*,
What Mortal else cou'd e'er go through it!

An

An Epistle on an Epistle; or a Christmas-Box for Dr. Delany.

*—Palatinae Cultor facunde Minervæ,
Ingenio fruëris qui propiore Dei.
Nam tibi nascentes DOMINI cognoscere Curas,
Et secreta DUCIS Pectora nosse licet.*
Mart. Lib. 5. Ep. 5.

AS Jove will not attend on less,
When Things of more Importance press,
You can't, grave Sir, believe it hard,
That you, a low *Hibernian* Bard,
Shou'd cool your Heels a while, and wait
Unanswer'd at your *Patron's* Gate;
And wou'd my Lord vouchsafe to grant,
This one, poor, humble Boon I want,
Free Leave to play his *Secretary*,
As *Falstaff* acted old King *Harry*;
I'd tell of yours in Rhyme and Print:
Folks shrug, and cry, There's nothing in't,
And after several Readings over,
It shines most in the Marble Cover.

How cou'd so fine a Taste dispense,
With mean Degrees of Wit and Sense?
Nor will my Lord so far beguile,
The *Wise* and *Learned* of our *Isle*; X
To make it pass upon the Nation,
By Dint of his sole Approbation.

The

*✓ Capt Delany
20 / Dorchester*

The Task is Arduous, Patrons find,
To warp the Sense of all Mankind:
Who think your Muse must first aspire;
'Ere he advance the Doctor higher.

You've Cause to say he meant you well:
That you are thankful, who can tell?
For still you're short (which grieves your Spirit)
Of his Intent, you mean, your Merit.

Ah! *Quanto rectius, Tu Adepte,*
Qui nil moliris tam inepte?

* *Smedley*, thou *Jonathan* of *Clogher*,
“ When thou thy humble Lays do'st offer,
“ To *G—f—n's* Grace, with grateful Heart;
“ Thy Thanks and Verse, devoid of Art;
“ Content with what his Bounty gave,
“ No larger Income dost thou crave,

But you must have *Cascades*, and all
Ierna's Lake, for your Canal,
Your *Vistos*, *Barges*, and, (a Pox on
All Pride) our *Speaker* for your *Coxon*:
It's Pity that he can't bestow you
Twelve *Commoners* in Caps to row you!
Thus *Edgar* proud, in Days of 'Yore,
Held Monarchs labouring at the Oar;
And as he pass'd, so swell'd the *Dee*
Inrag'd, as *Ern* would do at thee.

How

* Vid *Smedley's* Petition to his Grace the D—ke of *G—f—n's*,
1724.

How different is this from *Smedley*?
 (His Name is up he may in Bed lye)
 " Who only asks some pretty Cure,
 " In wholesome Soil, and Æther pure;
 " The Garden stor'd with artless Flowers,
 " In either Angle shady Bowers:
 " No gay Parterre, with costly Green,
 " Must in the ambient Hedge be seen;
 " But Nature freely takes her Course,
 " Nor fears from him ungrateful Force:
 " No Sheers to check her sprouting Vigour,
 " Or shape the *Yews* to antick Figure.

But you, forsooth, your *All* must squander,
 On that poor Spot, call'd *Del-Ville*, yonder:
 And when you've been at vast Expences
 In Whims, Parterres, Canals and Fences:
 Your Affets fail, and Cash is wanting
 For farther Buildings, farther Planting.
 No wonder when you raise and level,
 Think this Wall low, and that Wall bevel;
 Here a convenient Box you found,
 Which you demolish'd to the Ground;
 Then built, then took up with your Arbour,
 And let the House to R—p—t B—b—r;
 You sprung an Arch, which in a scurvy
 Humour, you tumbled Topsy Turvy.
 You change a Circle to a Square,
 Then to a Circle, as you were;
 Who can imagine whence the Fund is,
 That you *Quadrata* change *Rotundis*?

To

To *Fame* a Temple you erect,
 As *Flora* does the *Dome* protect;
 Mounts, Walls, on high; and in a Hollow
 You place the *Muses* and *Apollo*;
 There shining midst his Train, to grace
 Your whimsical, poetic Place.

These Stories were, of old, design'd
 As Fables; but you have refin'd
 The Poets Mythologic Dreams,
 To real *Muses*, Gods, and Streams.
 Who wou'd not swear, when you contrive thus,
 That you're *Don Quixote Redivivus*?

Beneath a dry Canal there lies,
 Which only *Winter's* Rain supplies.
 Oh! cou'd'st thou, by some Magic Spell,
 Hither convey *St. Patrick's Well*;
 Here may it re-assume its Stream,
 And take a greater *Patrick's* Name.

If your Expences rise so high,
 What Income can your Wants supply?
 Yet still you fancy you inherit
 A Fund of such Superior Merit,
 That you can't fail of more Provision,
 All by my *Lady's* kind Decision.
 For the more Livings you can fish up,
 You think you'll sooner be a Bishop:
 That cou'd not be my *Lord's* Intent,
 Nor can it answer in the Event,

Most

Most think what has been heap'd on You;
 To other sort of Folk was due :
 Rewards too great for your Flim-Flams,
Epistles, Riddles, Epigrams.

Tho' now your Depth must not be founded,
 The Time was, when you'd have compounded
 For less than Charly Grattan's School:
 Five hundred Pound a Year's no Fool.

Take this Advice then from your Friend,
 To your Ambition put an End.
 Be frugal *Patt* : pay what you owe,
 Before you *Build* and you *Bestow*.
 Be modest ; nor address your Betters
 With writing Vain, Familiar Letters.

* A Passage, may be found, I've heard,
 In some old *Greek* or *Latin* Bard,
 Which says, Wou'd Crows in Silence eat
 Their Offals, or their better Meat,
 Their generous Feeders not provoking,
 By loud and unharmonious Croaking,
 They might, unhurt by Envy's Claws,
 Live on, and stuff, to boot, their Maws.

* Vid. Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. 17.

The

*The Birth of MANLY VIRTUE. In-
scribed to his Excellency the Lord
Carteret.*

Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus.

VIRG. ÆN. V.

ONCE on a Time, a righteous Sage,
Griev'd at the Vices of the Age,
Apply'd to *Jove* with fervent Pray'r,
——“ O *Jove*, if Virtue be so fair
“ As it was deem'd in former Days,
“ By *Plato* and by *Socrates*,
“ Whose Beauties mortal Eyes escape,
“ Only for want of outward Shape;
“ Make then it's real Excellence,
“ For once, the Theme of Human Sense;
“ So shall the Eye, by Form confin'd,
“ Direct and fix the wand'ring Mind;
“ And long deluded Mortals see,
“ With Rapture, what they us'd to flee.

Jove grants the Pray'r, gives Virtue Birth,
And bids Him bless and mend the Earth.
Behold Him blooming fresh and fair,
Now made—ye Gods—a Son and Heir,
An Heir; and stranger yet to hear,
An Heir an Orphan of a Peer;

L

But

But Prodigies are wrought to prove
Nothing impossible to Jove.

VIRTUE was for this Sex design'd
In mild Reproof to Womankind ;
In Manly Form to let them see,
The Loveliness of Modesty.
The Thousand Decencies that shone,
With lessen'd Lustre in their own ;
Which few had learn'd enough to prize,
And some thought modish to despise.

To make his Merit more discern'd,
He goes to School—he reads—is learn'd,
Rais'd high, above his Birth, by Knowledge,
He shines distinguish'd in a College,
Resolv'd nor Honour, nor Estate,
Himself alone should make him great.
Here soon for every Art renown'd,
His Influence is diffus'd around ;
Th' Inferiour Youth to Learning led,
Less to be fam'd than to be fed,
Behold the Glory he has won,
And blush to see themselves outdone ;
And now inflam'd with Rival Rage,
In scientific Strife engage,
Engage ; and in the glorious Strife,
The Arts new-kinde into Life.

Here wou'd our Hero ever dwell,
Fix'd in a lonely learned Cell ;

Contented

Contented to be truly great,
In Virtue's best belov'd Retreat;
Contented he — but Fate ordains,
He now shall shine in nobler Scenes,
(Rais'd high like some Celestial Fire
To shine the more, still rising higher)
Compleatly form'd in every Part,
To win the Soul, and glad the Heart.
The powerful Voice, the graceful Mien,
Lovely alike, or heard, or seen;
The outward Form and inward vie,
His Soul bright beaming from his Eye,
Ennobling every Act and Air,
With just, and generous, and sincere.

Accomplish'd thus his next Resort,
Is to the Council and the Court,
Where Virtue is in least Repute,
And Interest the one Pursuit
Where Right and Wrong are bought and sold,
Barter'd for Beauty, and for Gold:
Here MANLY VIRTUE, even here,
Pleas'd in the Person of a Peer,
A Peer; a scarcely bearded Youth,
Who talk'd of Justice and of Truth,
Of Innocence, the surest Guard,
Tales here forgot, or yet unheard;
That he alone deserv'd Esteem,
Who was the Man, he wish'd to seem;
Call'd it unmanly and unwise,
To lurk behind a mean Disguise,

(Give fraudulent Vice the Mask and Skreen;
'Tis Virtue's Interest to be seen)
Call'd want of Shame a want of Sense,
And found, in Blushes, Eloquence.

Thus, acting what he taught so well,
He drew dumb Merit from her Cell,
Led with amazing Art along
The bashful Dame, and loos'd her Tongue;
And whilst he made her Value known,
Yet more display'd and rais'd his own.

Thus young, thus Proof to all Temptations,
He rises to the highest Stations,
(For where high Honour is the Prize,
True Virtue has a right to rise.)
Let courtly Slaves low bend the Knee
To Wealth and Vice in high Degree,
Exalted Wealth disdains to owe
Its Grandeur to its greatest Foe.

Now rais'd on high, see Virtue shows,
The Godlike Ends for which He rose;
For Him, let proud Ambition know
The Height of Glory here below,
Grandeur, by Goodness made compleat!
To bless is truly to be great!
He taught how Men to Honour rise,
Like gilded Vapours to the Skies,
Which, howsoever they display
Their Glory from the God of Day,

Their

Their noblest Use is to abate,
His dangerous Excess of Heat,
To shield the Infant Fruits and Flowers,
And bless the Earth with genial Showers.

Now change the Scene ; a nobler Care,
Demands him in a higher Sphere,
Distress of Nations calls him hence,
Permitted so by Providence,
For Models, made to mend our kind,
To no one Clime should be confin'd,
And MANLY VIRTUE like the Sun,
His Course of glorious Toils should run ;
Alike diffusing in his Flight
Congenial Joy, and Life, and Light.
Pale Envy sickens—Errour flies,
And Discord in his Presence dies.
Oppression hides, with guilty Dread,
And Merit rears, her drooping Head ;
The Arts revive, the Vallies sing,
And Winter softens into Spring,
The wondering World, where'er he moves,
With new Delight looks up and loves ;
One Sex consenting to admire,
Nor less the other to desire ;
Whilst he, though seated on a Throne,
Confines his Love to one alone ;
The rest condemn'd, with rival Voice
Repining, do applaud his Choice,

Fame now reports the Western Isle,
Is made his Mansion for a While,

Whose anxious Natives Night and Day,
 (Happy beneath his righteous Sway)
 Weary the Gods with ceaseless Pray'r,
 To bless him, and to keep him there;
 And claim it as a Debt from Fate,
 Too lately found, to lose him late.

*The humble PETITION of the Weavers
 and Venders of Gold and Silver
 Lace, Embroiderers, &c.*

Humbly Sheweth,

THAT your Petitioners are very sensible,
 that the Passion for laced and embroidered
 Cloaths, has been of late so universal, that
 it was high Time to take the Premises into
 serious Consideration: Nevertheless, to pre-
 vent the Ruin of several Protestant Families in
 this City, we humbly pray,

That, *agreeably to the Wisdom of our Fore-
 fathers*, the Use of Lace and Embroidery,
 may not be quite abolish'd, but restrain'd to
 such Persons only, as are worthy of Distinc-
 tion, and who ought to be known from the
 Vulgar: As a Reason for this Petition, I shall
 quote that of an old Statute, *viz. Anno vice-
 simo quinto Henrici sexti*, whereby it is enacted,

That

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That no Man be so hardy henceforward, to use any gilt Bridles, Peytrels, nor any gilt Harneys, in no Place of the said Land; except Knights, and Prelates of holy Churches: And if any Man be found with any such Bridle, Peytel, or other Harneys gilded from the same Day, that it be lawful for every Man that will, to take the said Man, his Horse and Harneys, and to possess the same as his own Goods. As by the above Statute, Knights and Prelates were excepted, so we pray,

That every B——p may be indulged in his Gold fringed Gloves.

That such P—l—s of Holy Churches as frequent Assemblies or Ridottos, for the Entertainment of both Sexes, may be further indulged in the Use of Golden Girdles, and Diamond Buckles for Hatbands; which however may, to avoid Offence, be decently covered with a Rose Hatband, a little larger than ordinary, on such Mornings as their Lordships shall happen to go to Church: That each Bishop on such Assembly Nights, may also wear Flanders laced Ruffles, of a reasonable Depth, especially if his Lordship happens to tally at Basset; at which Times also two Chaplains habited as his Lordship shall think proper, may attend him as Croupiers; six Gentlemen Ushers in laced Coats, and one Master of the Ceremonies in Embroidery and clocked Stockings, may be likewise very properly employed by his Lordship on such Oc-
L 4 *casions,*

casions, since no polite Assembly can be regularly conducted without such Operators.

I know it will be objected, that there are some ancient Canons of the Church, which seem to condemn these Things in Prelates; but their Lordships may be informed by their Solicitors, that Canons contrary to the Customs of the Place, are not binding, at least in Protestant Countries.

That the T—p—l L——s, who are not Knights of the Garter, may be indulged in the Use of Lace and Embroidery, to which they are by their Rank intitled; provided always, that there shall be a full MOON embroidered on the Right Breast of every such Coat, decked out with Silver or Gold.

That the eldest Sons of P—s, and P—— C—I—s not P——s, may be indulg'd in such Ornaments as they think proper, causing a Crescent, or Half Moon, to be embroidered on the Right Breast of each embroidered or laced Coat.

That the J—s of the Land be permitted to wear Embroidery of the Bouches; provided always, one large dark Lanthorn be embroidered on the Right Breast of such embroider'd Coat.

That all other Sages of the Law, be permitted to wear Brocade Wastecoats as heretofore, provided a *Sphinx* be embroider'd on some very conspicuous Part of the upper Coat of such Lawyers,

As

As to the King at Arms, Kettle Drums, Trumpets, Stage Players, General and Field Officers, &c. they are sufficiently distinguished already, and may be continued on the same Foot they are at present.

As to the Race of Beaux, who have most unnaturally sprung up of late amongst us, they are deem'd incorrigible, and not to be kept within Bounds by any Penalty, we therefore are well satisfied it may be enacted, that from and after the — Day of — next ensuing.

That whereas divers effeminate Persons, commonly called Beaux, cloathed in laced Coats, and in Coats embroidered with Gold and Silver; as also Tissues, Silver and Gold Stuffs, &c. are daily seen passing and repassing through sundry the Streets of this City, and also sometimes at Churches, and after at other public Places, to the great Amazement and Diversion of the Beholders; whereby sundry Milliners, Seamstresses, and other Artificers, working at their several Trades and Callings for their daily Bread, are diverted and forely hindered by the aforesaid odd Sights, from Sewing, Sticking, Hemming, or otherwise acting in their respective lawful Occupation, by gazing and wondering at the Persons so cloathed or adorned as aforesaid, during the Continuance of such Beaux in the Street where such Persons are at Work, to the great Lett and Interruption of Trade and Industry
(for

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(for as to the Injury they are supposed to do us, in our Wives and Daughters, the same upon Enquiry is found to be a perfect Trifle, and not worth the Notice of P * * * *)

For Remedy whereof, be it enacted, that it shall, and may be lawful to, and for the Subaltern Officers of the three Regiments of Foot quartered in this City, for the Time being, to seize and apprehend any Person so dressed, or apparelled as aforesaid, who shall be found walking six Paces from their Lodging, or Place of Abode of such Beaux, and in Case such Person shall only have one or two Laces round the Breast, Pocket, Sleeves, or Skirt of his Coat, that such Subaltern Officers shall rip, and take away only the Lace so sewed, or tacked to such Coat, with a Pair of neat Pocket Scissars; which every such Subaltern Officer is hereby impowered to wear for said Purpose, without the Imputation of making or mending his own Linnen.

Item, Where such Coat and Vest shall be all, or almost covered over with Lace, that in such Case such Beaux shall be stripped of such Coat and Vest, provided nevertheless, that such Subaltern Officer in the Execution of this Act, shall in nowise hurt or abuse the Face of such Beau, but him shall see safely put into a Chair, and so sent to the next Bagnio, there to remain till some of his next, and most lawful Friends shall be apprised of the Place where such Beau shall be deposited as aforesaid.

I know it will be objected, that the Execution of this Act may occasion the shedding of Blood; but the Petitioners humbly pray, that it may be consider'd that the Persons to be affected by this Act are only Beaux.

Nevertheless, to prevent Effusion of Christian Blood, and to take away all Objection, it may be lawful (in Case any Shew of Resistance is made) for such Subaltern Officer, to take from such Beaux his Sword, and the same carry to some Sword-Cutler, there to be glewed up in the Scabbard (in like Manner as the Swords of all *petit Maitres* should be) and that the same be restored to the Owner. For notwithstanding the Permission in the aforesaid Statute, *To seize the Person of a Beau, his Horse and Harnefs, to the Use of the Seizer*, as we consider that Beaux are the Properties of the several Sharps about this Town, it is not our Intention to invade any Beau's Property; neither in Truth do we at present know what Use they could be put to,

As to the Ladies who shall offend in like Manner, it is not intended by this Act to vest any Officer, Civil or Military, with any other Power over them, saving, that for their said Offences they be confin'd to the Back-Seats in Churches and Play-Houses, and other Places of public Resort; and the Sextons, and Door-Keepers of the Play-Houses
may

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may see this Clause duly put in Force, on
Pain of forfeiting their several Employments.

*A Vindication of the Libel: Or, a
New Ballad; written by a Shoe-
Boy, on an Attorney, who was for-
merly a Shoe Boy.*

Qui Color ater erat nunc est Contrarius atro.

WITH singing of Ballads, and crying of
News,

With whitening of Buckles and blacking of
Shoes,

Did *H—y* set out, both Shoeless and Shirtless,
And Moneyless too, but not very Dirtless;

Two Pence he had gotton by Begging; that's
all,

One Bought him a *Brush*, and one a *Black Ball*;

For Clouts at a loss, he cou'd not be much,

The Cloaths on his Back as being but such;

Thus vamp'd and accouter'd, with *Clouts, Ball,*
and *Brush*

He gallantly ventur'd his Fortune to push,

Vespasian thus being bespatter'd with Dirt,

Was omen'd to be Rome's Emperor for't;

But

But as a wise Fiddler is noted, you know,
To have a good Couple of Strings to one
Bow ;

So *H—y* judiciously thought it too little,
To live by the sweat of his Hands, and his
Spittle,

He finds out another Profession as fit,
And straight he becomes a Retailer of Wit ;
On Day he cry'd—*Murders, and Songs, and
great News,*

Another as loudly—*Here blacken your Shoes :*
At *D—l's* full often he fed upon Bits,
For winding of Jacks up, and turning of
Spits,

Lick'd all the Plates round, had many a Grub-
bing,

And now and then got from the Cook-Maid a
Drubbing :

Such Bastings effect upon him could ha' none,
The Dog will be patient, that's struck with a
Bone.

Sir *Thomas* observing this *H—y* withal.
So expert and active at *Brushes* and *Ball*,
Was mov'd with Compassion and thought it a
pity

A Youth should be lost, that had been so witty,
Without more a-do he vamps up my Spark,
And now we'll suppose him an eminent Clerk ;
Suppose him an Adept in all the Degrees
Of Scribbling *cun dasbo*, and hooking of Fees,

Suppose

Suppose him a Miser, Attorney *per* Bill,
Suppose him a Courtier,—suppose what you
will——

Yet wou'd you believe, tho' I swore by the
Bible,
That he took up two *News-Boy* for crying
the *Libel*?

F I N I S



5 FE 62

